

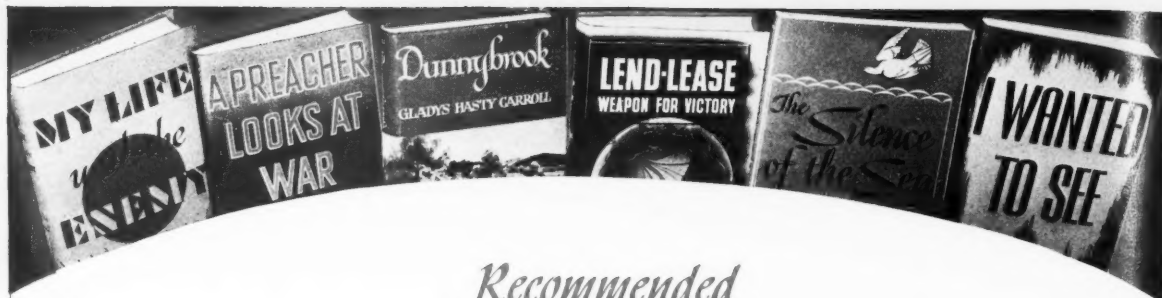
CHRISTIAN HERALD



MAY, 1944 ★ TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

WHAT'S GOOD FOR CHILDREN /

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Recommended

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The author has presented all royalty earnings on this book to an internationally known charitable organization. Price \$3.00

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There is reassurance and strength in this triumphant novel of stalwart New England people. "For all-out readability, it has no equal in current novel-dom. It's just good." —*Christian Herald* \$2.75

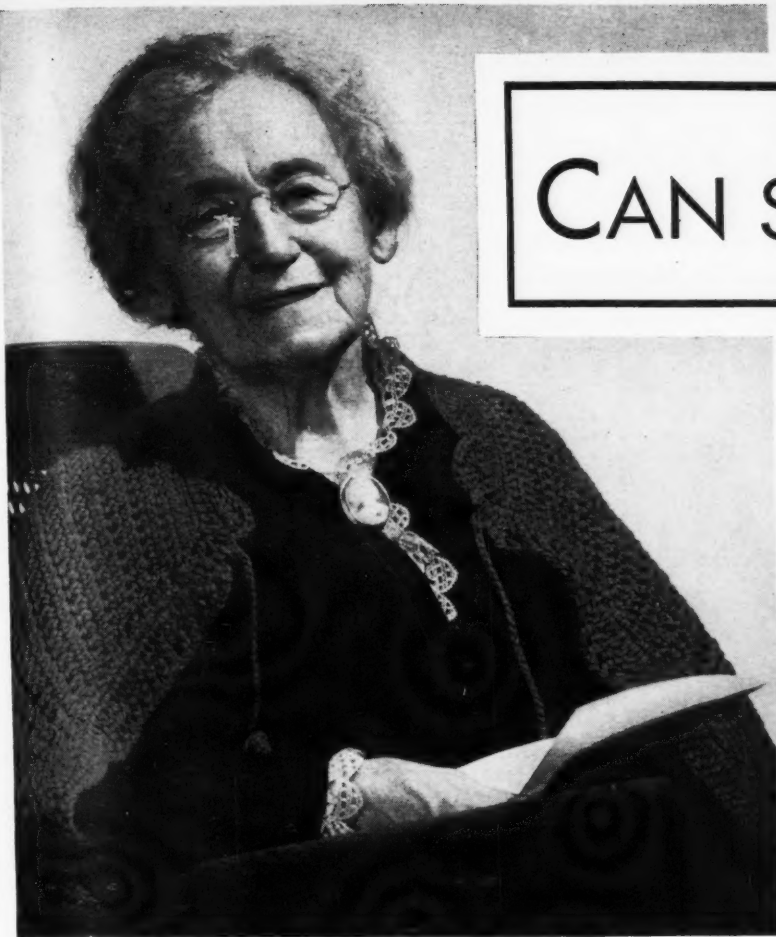


A Preacher Looks at War

By DANIEL A. POLING. A clear-cut, forthright statement by Dr. Poling on his attitude toward war. He discusses current problems and difficult adjustments, and offers a sound practical philosophy to help clarify many of the confusing issues facing us today. Here is a book with a real and valuable message. \$1.25

The Screwtape Letters

By C. S. LEWIS. Brilliant and sparkling with wit, yet profound and deeply reverent, these letters present a fresh and stimulating approach to the ever-present problem of good and evil. "The most exciting piece of Christian apologetics that has turned up in a long time." —*Saturday Review of Literature* \$1.50



CAN SHE STAY?

YEARS spent in the Lord's service had not made it possible for Pastor Blackwell to build up a nest egg for the day when he would be too old and too tired to continue in active ministerial service. When ever there was extra money it seemed to find its way into the home of some despairing parishioner. Pastor Blackwell knew that when he retired there would be a small pension. Their needs were simple so they were not worried about the future but they did hope they could spend their days together to the end.

We accept so much and give so little to these men and women in His service. How often do we wonder what has become of them in their old age? Whether they are being cared for as they cared for others? Just how they are getting along.

After years of devoted service to the Kingdom, Pastor Blackwell retired. He and Mrs. Blackwell burned their bridges behind them and moved

to the CHRISTIAN HERALD MEMORIAL HOME COMMUNITY for retired ministers. Here they found the ideal companionship so often denied them in their busy years in the Lord's work. Here they found congenial friends and the time to enjoy them. The part they had in the religious life of the community gave them satisfaction and a completeness in their living.

After a decade of blissful, unworried living Pastor Blackwell went Home to his reward.

What Was to Become of Mrs. Blackwell?

There were no sons or daughters, no family anywhere. She could not continue to live in the Christian Herald Home Community for the plan of operation did not include a home for the wives after their husbands had passed on. The small pension that had enabled Pastor Blackwell and his wife to live in the Commu-

nity had covered their expenses but had not allowed for any saving account. What was to become of Mrs. Blackwell? There are no apartments for one person—all the apartments are for a man and his wife.

There is no place in the Community where either the minister or his wife could continue to live alone.

We do not like having to turn these people out of the place they have called home, the place where they have made their friends and have lived in a well-earned contentment. We want to build a house for them. We want to invite them to stay. We don't want to send any more Mrs. Blackwells away.

Will you help us do this? Will you contribute toward a home for the wives of the retired ministers who have been living at CHRISTIAN HERALD'S COMMUNITY HOME. IF 2% OF CHRISTIAN HERALD'S READERS GIVE \$10 each, we will have our new home. Give what you can—every penny will help—and we will put it into a fund and hope and pray that it soon grows to meet our wants—the want of the minister's wife who has been left alone.

How much will you contribute so that we will never have to send a Mrs. Blackwell away from the life that has become her home? (Of course, Mrs. Blackwell is not the name of any person at the home yet there are actually many Mrs. Blackwells.)

CHRISTIAN HERALD HOME COMMUNITY BUSINESS OFFICE:

**419 Fourth Ave., New York 16
Please let Mrs. Blackwell stay.**

Here's support for.....months

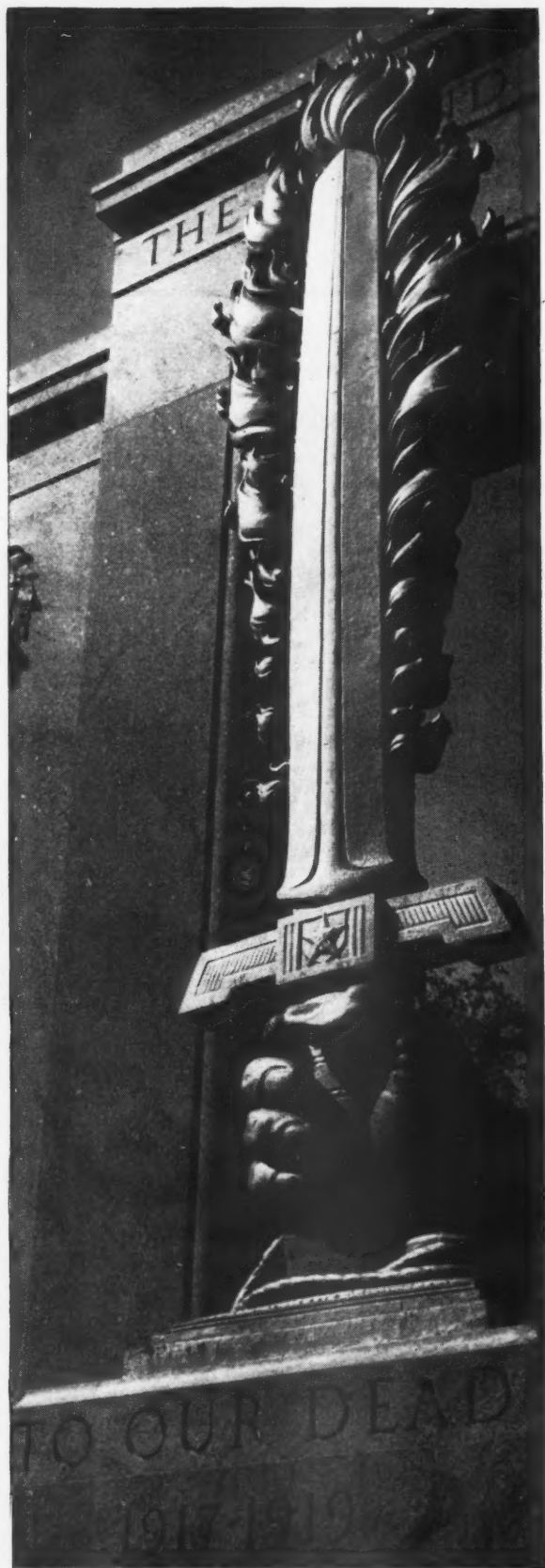
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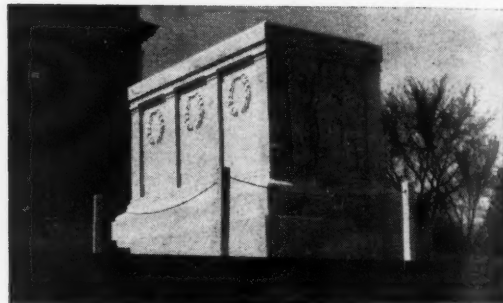


**SEND YOUR CONTRIBUTION TODAY
SO THAT SHE CAN STAY.**



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHILIP D. GENDREAU, N. Y.

Memorial Day



TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

Amid the muffled rumbling of the drums
I hear him stirring in his troubled sleep
Like breezes, when the summer twilight comes
To tryst with stars, that mystic vigil keep,
While blindworms, crawling in the haunted gloom,
Awakened, shaken, startled by the sound,
Are jesting at the wealth of fragrant bloom,
Whose beauty hides his consecrated mound.

Across the muted bugle's brassy blare
I hearken to his melancholy sigh,
In which is all the grieving and despair,
That Jesus knew, when He was doomed to die
Upon a cruel cross in Calvary,
A victim of mad fools and futile lust,
As, like the grass, a soul's black agony
Is tremulously lifting from the dust.

Above the steady tramp of marching feet,
Like rolling thunder, lo! I hear him say,
"Although the rosy wreaths are strangely sweet,
With which you humbly honor me today,
You have forgotten that I bravely died,
Because a dream had made me unafraid;
A world where Christ would be no more denied,
But I have been most callously betrayed!"

By EDGAR DANIEL KRAMER

Out of Our Poll On The Peace

(The following "quotes" are taken from letters which we believe should receive Honorable Mention. See page 17 for the prize-winning letter. Ed.)

ALL international problems must be settled henceforth by the universal suffrage of nations, and by the arbitration of a sovereign senate in which the hopes and fears and needs of the common man of every nation shall be justly represented. This sovereign senate, in which all mankind is equally represented, must have legislative, judicial, and executive powers to be in effect internationally.

Ben Musser, Duke University

ALL people who prate about the glories of war are dangerous jingoists and they should be silenced, or at least ostracized from the good society as we would ostracize a murderer or a fiend. All the glory should be taken from the trappings of war. Our history textbooks in our public schools should have less than 10 per cent of their pages devoted to war.

R. L. Roberts, Marcellus, N. Y.

I WOULD seek to have the peace conference recognize that the war was an outgrowth of attitudes and conditions in the presence of which all men should stand in penitence. There would be no tolerance for wishful thinking that we should "forgive and forget. . ."; that is neither possible nor desirable. Forgiveness, yes—but the contributing factors of this war should not be forgotten. . .

Graham B. Hodge, Wakita, Oklahoma

PEACE will not "come." Rather, it can be attained only through the efforts and sacrifices of peace-loving peoples through a definite program.

Everett W. Goff, Veterans Hospital Cheyenne, Wyoming

I WOULD seek agreement to the principle that no lasting or profound improvement in human relations can come about except through spiritual regeneration of the individual. . .

W. J. Seder, Pittsburgh, Pa.

SO MANY of the problems which the war has brought to the surface were in existence long before the war began, and were ignored! Not until mankind learns that action for peace does not start with victory will he free himself from war.

Elizabeth McCandless, Newton, Iowa.

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YOUNG EDDIE JONES WANTS A BIBLE . . . BADLY

Is it asking you too much to give him one?

Young Eddie Jones, the boy down the street, is a prisoner of war. There are thousands of him inside barbed wire fences. No words can describe his bitter physical and mental misery.

More than anything else, he wants a Bible to fill his mind and heart and sustain his courage. Won't you supply his desperate need?

The American Bible Society through its office at Geneva, Switzerland, has already provided over 200,000 Bibles, Testaments and

Portions, in more than 30 languages, to grateful prisoners of war in all countries—serving not only our own boys but all who plead for the comfort of God's Word, regardless of race or creed.

Through American Bible Society Annuity Agreements, which now provide as high as 7% returns, friends have helped to meet emergencies like this for nearly 100 years. Find out more about this great Annuity Plan and how it enables you to both give and receive generously. Learn also how it entitles you to certain tax exemptions. Send for the interesting booklet "A Gift That Lives?"

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URGENT! FILL OUT AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

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Bible House, New York, N. Y.

☐ Please send me, without obligation, your booklet CH-89 entitled "A Gift That Lives?"

☐ I enclose \$..... to provide Testaments for prisoners of war.

Name.....

Address..... Denomination.....

City..... State.....

CHRISTIAN Herald

Editor in Chief DANIEL A. POLING
Editor FRANK S. MEAD

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OUR PLATFORM Christian Herald, a family magazine for members of all denominations has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of Evangelical Christian Faith. To support World Peace; that it may be world-wide and lasting; Church Unity; that it may be increasingly a reality. Temperance; that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those in need; To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in



DOCTOR POLING

Answers

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

Question:

A young minister gives as among his reasons for not entering the chaplaincy the following: (1) Chaplains are required to submit their sermons to Government or Army authorities for approval, (2) Chaplains are required to ration liquor to the men. Are these facts true?

Answer:

Facts are always true, but these particular *alleged* facts are absolute falsehoods. I have known the chaplaincy in two wars and chaplains are not and never have been required to do these or comparable things. I am bound to question the sincerity of any man who gives such reasons as these for not becoming a chaplain.

Question:

I resent what Gabriel Courier has said concerning the re-election of President Roosevelt. You should not allow him to endorse presidential candidates.

Answer:

Gabriel Courier endorsed no presidential candidate. He expressed an opinion that is shared by many others. It is good news for those who support the president for re-election. Equally it should be a warning to those who oppose his re-election, and should stir them to action. CHRISTIAN HERALD readers want the facts and an honest, unbiased interpretation of the news. Certainly our editorial writers are not infallible but I believe them to be honest and unbiased.

Question:

How can I know God?

Answer:

Through Jesus Christ!—and, of course, through prayer, Bible study and service to men, women and children. It would take many pages of CHRISTIAN HERALD to even begin to adequately answer this question. Recently in looking through

manuscripts left behind by a young minister who became an army chaplain and who was lost in action a year ago, I found this sentence written on a scrap of paper: "God is a Being so great and so good that when we are rightly related to Him we are spiritually prepared for whatever experience we have to meet." The man who wrote that demonstrated its truth.

Question:

What do you think of youth delinquency, of delinquency of parents and church workers? Upon whom rests the greatest responsibility?

Answer:

"Thou art the man" was the ancient indictment of a great King. First of all, let each of us acknowledge his or her personal responsibility. Easy it is to criticize the "other fellow." I am happy to report that, as never before in my experience, churches and community organizations are studying these tragic problems; organizing and uniting to meet their challenge. As to youth, I find generally that they are more sinned against than sinning. Also I have more trouble with "adult floppers" than with "youthful flappers."

Question:

I have learned that you have a Chinese "namesake," the distinguished Dr. Chang Poling. Are you acquainted with this fact?

Answer:

I am acquainted with the fact and I know the man! I met him first when he was a post-graduate student at Columbia University. He is president of one of the greatest universities in China, a member of the People's Political Council, a trusted adviser of the Generalissimo and a Christian. While in Chungking on my recent visit to the Orient, I had tea with Dr. Chang Poling and never shall I forget

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BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK, 16

two sentences from our conversation: "There will be a new China! There will be a new world!" Dr. Chang, now in his 70th year, is physically a very large man. Intellectually and spiritually, he is even larger.

Question:

Recently my son wrote and said that he found the verse of my favorite hymn, "Oh Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go" in an old magazine, and he wanted the entire hymn. Would it not be a fine thing if some of the great hymns and songs of the Church might be made available to the men in the service?

Answer:

A fine thing indeed! Many timely books have been printed by various religious organizations, but just now the Joint Army and Navy Committee on Welfare and Recreation has brought out a tiny booklet—"Hymns From Home." It has thirteen of the finest of these great songs, including the 23rd Psalm. It will be widely distributed.

Question:

In advertising, do you print only that which is positive fact?

Answer:

We make every effort to establish the reliability of every advertiser.

Question:

What do you think of a marriage between two different faiths as far apart as we have always believed we are?

Answer:

My experience—as well as my observation—warns me against "mixed marriages." Certainly there should be complete understanding between the young people before the marriage. Anything left to chance by ardent young people, who believe their love will carry them through any deep problem that may arise, will prove to be a stumbling-block in the home, the family unity and happiness. Never have I known a happy marriage to come out of indifference to this basic principle.

Question:

Is polygamy practiced in India under Hinduism?

Answer:

Polygamy is still practiced under Hinduism in India and under various other religions and social systems in many other sections of the world. But definitely it is on the decrease. Recently on the cornerstone of a medical center in India I read the following: "This x-ray and clinical building has been erected from the generous donation of 50,000 rupees given by Bai Parson and Bai Sumarath, in memory of their late husband Mr. Chunilal Sakalebhand."

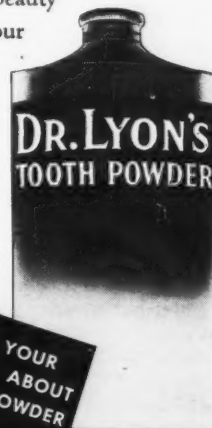
Marching Ahead of all others...



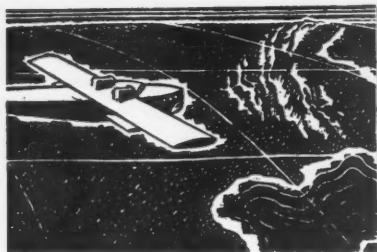
YOUR PASSWORD FOR A PIN-UP SMILE—USE

Listen to Patricia Boyd—one of America's loveliest, most successful models: "I'd like to pin a medal on Dr. Lyon's—it brings out the true lustre and natural brilliance of my teeth—keeps my smile sparkling bright for the camera!" Let your teeth be revealed in all the gleaming beauty nature intended them to show—then let your smile flash this message—"It certainly pays to use Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder!"

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America's No.1
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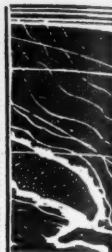
ASK YOUR
DENTIST ABOUT
TOOTH POWDER



NEWS DIGEST

of the month

EDITED BY GABRIEL COURIER



A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

AT HOME

GRINDSTONE: The Tennessee Valley Authority has been a mighty grindstone ever since its beginning in 1933; on it has been sharpened many a political axe, around it raged many a nice legislative row. Latest row to develop came when Senator McKellar of Tennessee and his supporters in the upper house got through a bill which will definitely (if it passes the House) halt new construction on TVA, prohibit further land purchases, cut finances needed for operation and require Senatorial confirmation of all executives and employees with salaries of more than \$4500 per year.

TVA has been called, off and on, a boondoggling project and a carpetbaggers' paradise, an invasion of states rights and an outrage to the great American principle of private enterprise. We see nothing to be gained here in discussing whether it is this or something better; what calls for attention is the too-evident fact that the whole thing is bogging down in a morass of political by-play. Mr. McKellar dislikes many of the men associated with TVA; he dislikes particularly David Lilienthal, chairman of TVA. It looks like a personal scrap—with the taxpayers looking on and "holding the bag." That's wrong, but it is one of the penalties of democratic procedure.

This couldn't happen under a dictatorship—but the taxpayer, holding the bag as he is, knows he is better off, politics or no politics, under a democracy! Politics may cloud an issue for awhile, but the truth of any issue, sooner or later, gets the upper hand when we work *sans* the dictator.

SILENCE: Before the war got under way, Mr. Hull and his Department of State were acknowledged to be the most efficient and effective of all New Deal groups on Capitol Hill. Even after the struggle was under way, Mr. Hull won high favor for his diplomatic tactics—he came home from Moscow to hear the good news that Congress even thought of giving him a medal! Those were happy days—and now they are dead days. The pack is in full cry on the heels of Mr. Hull.

The main complaint seems to be that the Secretary has developed, as Congress-

woman Luce calls it, a "policy of silence." He hasn't told Congress or the country just what he is up to, and Congress and the country doesn't seem to like that. We pity Mr. Hull. He *can't* tell all he knows; he would be "tipping his hand" to the enemy if he did! He is caught between three fires: his political enemies at home, the diplomatically clever men of London and Moscow, and the equally clever leaders of the Axis. And there is another hazard not mentioned very often: the U. S. Army.

There are observers well informed who hold that the Army is running the U. S. now; that policies in all directions are being blessed or blasted by Army men. The Army smile is encouraging; the Army frown means trouble. There seems to be something to this observation, in view of the recent confusion over the Palestine question.

The Senate was prepared, last month, to condemn the British White Paper and go all-out for free entry of the Jews into Palestine and for the establishment of the long-overdue Jewish national home. The War Department frowned; the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs tabled its resolution. Then the President came out with a statement favoring the very idea that the Senate had put aside when the War Department frowned!

So they are asking, in Washington, "Who's boss around here? Who sets the foreign policy? Is this too a matter of Presidential politics?" Mr. Hull becomes the whipping boy. He doesn't like it, and he is trying hard to explain his position, but the explanations fail to satisfy. Meanwhile, London and Moscow, have things pretty much their own way!

SAWDUST TRAIL: We like the recent speech of the president of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, in Boston. Said President Eric Allen Johnston: "What a chance we in management missed (from 1921 to 1930). We had everything our own way. A friendly Administration in Washington. Low taxes. A friendly public. And what did we do...? We gave this country a balloon boom that had to burst... we produced men like Insull and Hopson and Musica, who undermined confidence in business.... We got

the biggest public beating that any group of Americans ever took...."

Turning to Labor, he said: "... How faithfully you have imitated us of management! From 1933 to 1942 you rode high. You were tops. A friendly Administration in Washington. All sorts of favors fed you daily from the Washington political table. Management weak and intimidated. So what did you do with your power?... You gave yourselves a labor boom, regardless of the consequences... you produced men like Browne and Bioff and Scalise who gave all labor a black eye."

The solution? He says that management and labor must "hit the sawdust trail together." Three cheers for that!

You can't get away from it: you simply do *not* make for a real solution of this labor-management enigma when you transfer authority and power from an Insull to a Bioff. What we need is *men*! This editor is becoming a little weary of the finespun plans of men who are primarily selfish, both as managers and workers. Until we get a change in the hearts of men, until we get a more Christian character in our leaders, there simply is no solution at all. It's as easy as that—and as difficult!

COST: Joe Doakes, Citizen, is mumbaling over his high taxes, and every once in a while he mutters something about "this spendthrift Administration." That taxes are high and that there is more than a little spendthrifting, we have no doubt. That there is also more bungling than we like is clear, too. But it might be well to keep it clear that never before has this country fought a war of such tremendous scale as World War II.

A typical month (February) of this war cost the U. S. \$312,300,000 *per day*, or \$3.37 for every American over 19. Cost of war to U. S. to date: \$168,600,000,000.

COURIERS' CUES: Germany will fight her last battle on Balkan or French soil, saving her own as much as possible; it's an old German custom... The Chinese are moving closer daily to the Soviets; this is due directly to the disappointingly

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slow trickle of supplies from the U. S., but it will not seriously affect war effort. . . . Lest we forget it, workers numbering 1,900,000 went on strike in this country last year; 43,100,000 did not; who led the 1,900,000, and led them to what? . . . A Washington economic conference this summer will attempt stabilization of world currency. . . . Aluminum production last year shows increase of 75 percent; that's why a lot of aluminum plants are closing down. . . . Total war production will be cut 25 percent by late fall Coal will be even scarcer next winter, oil about the same. . . . Allies will play along with Badoglio group in Italy, for Allies must have a handle somewhere to grab Italian situation, but Badoglio will be out with the peace.

ABROAD

RUSSIA: The Russian steamroller has taken wings. With too many German divisions diverted to Italy and the French Coast, the Red Army is moving faster against weaker opposition than it has enjoyed (?) since the war began. In more places than one, the Reds are fighting on the very fields where the German drive started, when Hitler foolishly turned his armies from the English Channel to the steppes.

In another direction, Russia holds the offensive. She has beaten the Allies to the punch in the diplomatic field. She scored a diplomatic scoop in Yugoslavia, where she backed Tito before the Allies could make up their minds between Tito and Mikhailovitch. She scored again in Italy, evidently without consulting her Allies; she moved ahead of the van in Czechoslovakia; she holds the whip hand in Scandinavia. All of which means—what?

That Stalin is already planning his peacetime world revolution, to bring Europe today and the world tomorrow under the sign of the hammer and sickle? We doubt that. Russia at war's end will be a giant on crutches. Her land will be desolate, and one war correspondent is quoted as saying that the Russians are paying in casualties at the rate of three to one, in her fight to oust the Nazis. It will take a long, long time to recuperate from that.

And Mr. Stalin has never been particularly aggressive in nourishing Lenin's dream of world Communism. Since just before the invasion of Russia, he has been decidedly nationalistic. He has put the American communist forces, for instance, in awkward positions more than once; Mr. Browder must be a little peeved at Mr. Stalin. He has had discontinued the singing of "The Internationale," and there is more to that than greets the capitalistic eye.

Furthermore, we are coming to be-



From "Reveille"

lieve that the Russian commoner himself has lost faith in a lot of Leninism. His churches are crowded; he is enjoying an "open market" among the farmers of the Soviet which is creating a new class of Russian capitalist; he has but one dream now—to drive the German from Holy Russia. He is experiencing a revolution within his own borders that has made him put the world revolution in the realm of forgotten causes.

PALESTINE: The rioter is busy again in the Holy Land. There are mutinous mutterings from Dan to Beersheba. It was expected by everyone who knew anything at all about the tinderbox of the Middle East.

The pattern of World War I has been more or less repeated. There have been promises made to both Jews and Arabs; there has been doubledealing, and frustration of both Arab and Jewish hopes; there have been zealous pressure-groups at work all over the world, trying to get the Jew in or to keep the Jew out. We haven't made much progress since Lawrence rode in Arabia.

The Arab, in this situation, has but one argument. He says this is his land, the land of his fathers. He objects to turning it over to "foreigners": i.e., the Jew. He pities the Jew, but he wants Palestine to remain an Arab state. The Jew counters with the argument that this is *his* land, and the land of *his* fathers. He points out that thousands of Arabs have sold their land—particularly their farms

—to the Jews. He says there are also Arabs by the thousand who have learned new agricultural methods from the Zionists, and improved their lot. He insists that in many areas Jews and Arabs live in perfect peace together. He says there is room enough for both, in the Near East.

Both seem to us to be right, but frankly our sympathies (speaking personally now and not for CHRISTIAN HERALD) lie with the Jew. He has turned a desert into a garden in Palestine; the Arab failed to do that, though he held the land for centuries. This land could shelter, at least temporarily, literally millions of refugee Jews with whose awful plight even the Arab sympathizes. After the war, they could be relocated. Why cannot that much be done, as an emergency measure?

What dismays us is that there is confusion of Arab with Arab, Jew with Jew, in this country. The orthodox city-dwelling Jew dislikes his country cousin who tills the land; there are sects within sects among the Arabs, all of them suspicious of each other. They will get nowhere until they put their houses in order.

Let this be said: the Jew is pro-Ally, the Arab pro-German. That will mean something at the peace-table. It will mean much to the British, who have an oil pipeline coming out at Haifa; that is rather important to the British Navy. The British have no intention of getting out of Palestine. The Jew will tolerate the Britisher here, for the Britisher means protection. The Arab will fight the British—and the Jew.



A vision of postwar transportation is contained in this photo of the trial flight of a new helicopter. Almost stationary here, it can fly ninety-five miles an hour, land in fifty feet.

IRELAND: The Irish are at it again. The Southern Irishers, to be exact. Rumor has it that the recent pressure on the Emerald Isle came not from England but from the United States. American military men, it is said, lost patience with the spectacle of Axis agents watching and reporting pre-invasion maneuvers from safe haven in Eire. The U.S. was blunt, and maybe tactless; the Irish were as stubbornly Irish as ever in insisting that they will remain neutral, come what may.

It might be more correct to say that Eamon de Valera insists upon that. For de Valera, the product of prisons and hunger-strikes, of humiliations and of action on the Dublin barricades, has become the spokesman and the symbol of Eire. Sixty-two years of age, he has but one plank in his platform: he is a fanatic for Irish independence. He wants all Ireland to stop speaking English and speak Irish. Son of a Spanish father, he is Irish only on the side of his mother, yet so fierce is he in the cause of Irish independence that he is accepted as 100 percent Irish! There is almost a religious devotion to "Dev" on the part of his followers—and in those followers is the martyr-complex which is so prominent whenever there is trouble with the British—and there has been plenty of trouble!

The Irish never forget; it is their long memory of the days of the Black-and-Tans that is largely responsible for their stubbornness today. They have an ancient feud with the English; the English they will *never* help. De Valera is the perfect leader for them, so long as they feel like that.

What they miss with their singletrack thinking is the possibility of what they may be in for if the British lose this war. It's all right for them to say, via de

Valera, that they will not be stampeded into the war, but the cold truth is that geography has dropped them down right in the middle of the conflict. They are in it, whether they admit it or not.

If Eire loses the friendship of the United States—which she has enjoyed for many a year—she will have lost the best friend she ever had. There are signs that this friendship is slipping; too many Irish-American mothers and fathers have sons in the U.S. Army in England—and the prospect of seeing them imperiled by Axis agents in Eire isn't exactly a prospect that pleases.

INDIA: With General Stilwell plunging deeper and deeper into Burma, the Japanese on the India border have attempted a flanking movement. The Chinese were nervous about it, wondering if Stilwell might be cut off—and so was many an American in Burma and at home nervous about it. The British and American generals were not.

This is a diversion movement by the Japanese; you might almost call it a movement of desperation. There is not much chance of it succeeding; Stilwell and Mountbatten are too good strategists to leave their flank and rear unguarded. And the Japanese dare not go too deep into India, with their communication lines threatened as they are from Truk to Mandalay. It is an episode; nothing more.

When Stilwell gets through Burma, and MacArthur gets into the Philippines, they will have met the real cream of the Japanese army. Thus far, we have been fighting on the outskirts; nearer Japan we will meet the real veterans, and they will be veterans fighting with their backs to the wall. Watch the fireworks then!

One phase of the Burma action fascinates us. A flight of U.S. gliders and transport planes flew behind the Japanese lines near Myitkyina. The first U.S. officer to step out on behind-the-lines soil was Flight Officer Jack Coogan. Remember him? He once played the part of the kid in "The Kid," with a comedian named Charlie Chaplin. Thus goes humanity. Chaplin is being tried on a nasty charge in a California court; the kid is a hero of the war!

CASSINO: Those who have been saying that the Germans would be beaten by summer should read and reread the story of Cassino. Here is the German Stalingrad; here is a city levelled to the earth by one of the most terrific all-out bombings any war has ever known. From 8:30 a.m. to noon, the Americans dropped more than 2500 tons of bombs on the town. All American troops had previously been taken out of Cassino.

But the Germans left Cassino, too, when the first Mitchell B-25 bomber came over. Then they came back to the heaps of rubble and broken stone, to fight again. Cassino was "wiped out," yes—but the Germans are still there. This is too good a spot for the Nazis to lose; they will fight to the last pile of bricks to hold it.

And this is only one Cassino. Anyone who has traveled from Naples to Rome knows that there are many, many Cassinos—many, many such fortresses—to be taken on the route to the Eternal City. It will cost a river of Allied blood.

CHURCH NEWS

REALISM: Dr. William Barrows Pugh, chairman of the General Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains who has toured the battlefronts, holds that it is absurd for us "to think that the many thousands of men behind the front lines will become incurably religious in atmospheres which are anything but conducive to the enrichment of a man's soul. War is hell. How can a man go through hell without having some of the brimstone cling to his clothes?" He also believes that while men in the front lines do think of religion, "when the danger is over they will generally return to their former state."

And a theology student at Yale (son of Dr. Edwin McNeill Poteat) feels that in the eyes of many discharged fighting men, religion will mean "praying all night on Tarawa—not Sunday school or the local church."

Both are right. We'd better be realistic about this thing. While every last one of us thanks God for front-line religion, and while not one of us would cast the least word of disparagement on fox-hole faith, it is not out of line to remark

that in the face of danger we are *all* religious—and that when the danger has passed, we usually “revert.”

The men from the battlefronts are not coming back to us as so many spotless saints; they are engaged in the work of hell, and that is not an environment in which faith finds a firm basis. Solid faith is based more on reason than on terror; it must be thought out carefully as well as felt quickly.

Thereby hangs a challenge to the church at home: are we ready to meet the man who has gone down into hell to protect, among other things, the free Church of God?

MORMONS: Some little stir was created last month by the arrest of fifty residents of Utah, charged with polygamy. Too many of us jumped at conclusions without waiting to hear the whole story. We said, “Oh, yes. Mormons!”

In justice to the Mormons, let it be said that the Mormon Church has frowned on plural marriages for more than 50 years. Polygamy was advocated by Joseph Smith, the prophet-founder of the faith, but it was officially outlawed in a church manifesto dated October 6, 1890.

Let it be said too that officials of the Mormon Church aided the federal authorities in preparing indictments against the accused. The accused are of a small sect numbering about 2,000, calling themselves “The Fundamentalists.” They were excommunicated from the Mormon Church, long ago.

BIBLE: The manuscript of the Revised American Standard Version of the New Testament will be all ready for the printers in the fall. Work on the Old Testament is about half done.

This new version is to be “as modern as Moffatt’s and Goodspeed’s, but it will still retain the essential characteristics of the King James’ Version.” There will be no use of the words “thee” and “thou,” except in prayer. “Saith” and “verily” have been cast out. Verse numbers remain, but they are made as inconspicuous as possible.

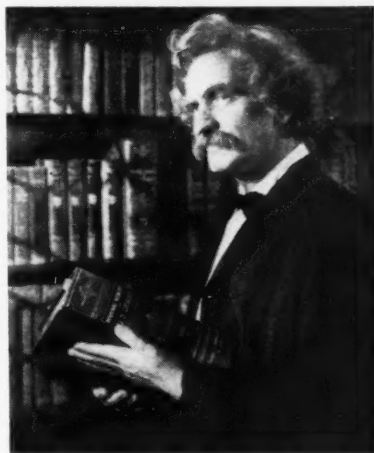
We’ll wait until we see it before saying anything more, except this: we like Moffatt and Goodspeed and we hope we’ll like this one for its facility in opening new doors of understanding on the Book, but sometimes we wonder why they don’t leave the Bible alone. We have yet to see one that comes within miles of the beauty of the King James Version. Maybe this one is “it.”

CHRISTIANS: Dr. H. W. Myers, Presbyterian missionary to Japan for four decades, tells us that Japanese Christian soldiers are refusing to commit atrocities. They are promptly shot or they commit suicide—and their graves are being decorated regularly by their Christian friends, war or no war.

“The average Japanese,” says Dr. Myers, “is courteous, polite, honorable and gentle. But put him in a uniform and he becomes an entirely different person—harsh, cruel, rude.”

It’s a matter of education—education for the bestiality of war versus education in the humanities attendant upon Christianity. We have a feeling that the Christian education will win in the long run, and that war’s end will bring to us a lot of hitherto unpublished stories of the perseverance of Christian character in Japan. Time will tell!

PEACE: Tens of thousands of Methodist letters have been reaching U. S. Senators and Congressmen, pleading the cause of peace. Senator Capper of Kansas has received more than a thousand, all by himself, and this month he spoke his mind about it. Agreeing with the Meth-



Frederic March gives a magnificent portrayal of Mark Twain in the new motion picture, “The Adventures of Mark Twain.”

odists, he reminded them that “I am in favor of the United States cooperating with other nations of the world to obtain a just and lasting peace. However, it is only fair to say that it will be necessary for other nations to cooperate with the United States . . . also, that the other nations will cooperate with each other!”

The Senator has something there. Cooperation is a reciprocal affair; it works both ways or it does not work at all. All this talk about disarmament is good—*provided all the nations disarm at the same time!* For one people to “set the example” in disarming, and leaving another people armed to the teeth, is to invite disaster.

Do you remember the Russian, Molotov at one of those pre-war disarmament conferences? He had the nerve to take the floor and shout to the delegates: “We’re here to disarm. All right, let’s disarm, all of us, right now!” Somehow, the delegates just weren’t interested. So—we got World War II.

PRAYER: Kentucky’s 1944 General Assembly has just decided to pay \$100

each to eight ministers who have opened its sessions with prayer. There was quite a time about that—as there should have been. A move to make the members of the House pay for the praying at the rate of \$8 each was defeated. One Assemblyman objected to “professional and public praying, especially ‘canned’ prayers.” Another legislator suggested that “someone closer to the legislators take their problems to the Lord.”

It seems to us that there is a real question of ethics involved here. While we know nothing of the good ministers of Kentucky, we do know that in our own state there is wild competition between certain parsons over the matter of prayers in the legislature; they all but stand in line for the chance to commend the lawmakers to heaven—at \$25 per prayer! One Speaker of the House told us not many weeks ago that he had almost lost his respect for the ministry, watching them pull their wires.

Is such a prayer worth \$25? Is the minister justified in taking such a fee while he cries out against materialism? Are we justified in condemning covetousness in our halls of congress when we accept such a situation?

The laborer is worthy of his hire, yes. But should praying come under the head of hiring? Can anyone imagine Jesus asking how much the Senate paid for a three-minute prayer? It isn’t just the business of the minister; it concerns the whole Church.

CHILDISH: The other day, we went to hear a “boy evangelist” who, we understood, was “good.” We couldn’t make out just what he was good for, but we’ll pass that. What really concerned us at the end of his adolescent orgy was its effect upon both the religious and non-religious folk of the local community.

The cynics had a Roman holiday over it; they tore his arguments to shreds (a boy in second-year high school could have done that) and they crowed, “So *that’s* religion!” Some few of the church folk tried to defend the boy; the thinking Christians of the community said nothing, tried to forget it as soon as possible.

We’re for evangelism; we know of nothing needed more in this madcap world. But—there is evangelism and evangelism. There is the immortal Moody—and then there is this boy! Somehow, we almost wish there could be an Evangelists’ C.I.O. or A.F. of L. There should be some authoritative group set up to pass on the qualifications of free-lance evangelists, just as there are boards of examiners to check on the men who would be preachers in the Church.

The medical profession is ultra-careful to prevent the charlatan from practicing a profession in which he lacks skill. Should we be more concerned with the body than we are with the soul?



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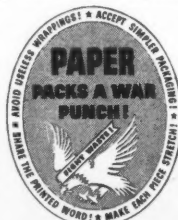
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TEMPERANCE

SLIP: There's much truth, often, in the slip of a tongue. At a Camden (N.J.) prize fight the other night, the radio announcer called the manager of the winning fighter to the microphone. Said the manager:

"My boy looked great in there tonight. Looks like he'll go places—if he only lays off the beer!"

The awkward part of all this is that the program was sponsored by a local brewery!

PATRIOT: J. Barleycorn is fond of posing, these days, with a bottle in one hand and a flag in the other. They go together, according to his philosophy—but *not* according to the philosophy of the men who are actually doing the fighting on the battlefronts of this war.

Montgomery of Alamein stopped the Germans in their tracks and drove them out of Africa. For a brief spell during that campaign, says a New Zealand editor, "Beer flowed like the rivers of Egypt. Then General Montgomery, himself an abstainer, called the entire Eighth Army to an austere and stupendous effort. Responding, they were led to a triumphant victory. General Freyborg stated that in the ten month's magnificent campaign, each man had only two bottles of beer, and you never heard a grumble!"

Mr. Barleycorn did his best to secure ship bottoms for the shipment of alcohol to "our brave fighting men, who deserve it," but it looks as though the brave fighting men turned a cold shoulder on Barleycorn when the shooting really got under way. Was Barleycorn discouraged, was he downhearted? Not he. He turned his attention to the home front. In the very New Zealand from which so many of the heroes of the Eighth Army came, the folks behind the boys drank down *one hundred million bottles of beer* during the time of the African campaign. That meant a 46.7 percent advance over the pre-war average. Drunkenness reached a new high. There was a 50 percent increase in the arrest of drunken women. One brewer reported a 48 percent increase in profits over 1941. Loungers in hotel bars and cocktail rooms were asked what they worked at, and it was discovered that half of them were engaged in essential war industries!

The flag in one hand, and a bottle in the other! All J. B. needs now is the Victoria Cross and the Congressional Medal.

INCOME: The idea of a national lottery still persists. This editor, on a recent visit to Washington, heard more than one whisper around town to the effect that those who want it are still on the job. It would be interesting to list

the names of those who want it!

We brought booze back because, as the Wets put it, there would be high national revenue in booze taxes. Now the same argument is being spread around in behalf of a national lottery. Senator Guffey claimed, some time ago, that such a gambling enterprise would roll five billion dollars into the United States Treasury.

We doubt the Senator's arithmetic, but even if he's right, we wouldn't want it. We wouldn't want it for the simple reason that this five billion would be pin-money compared to the "take" of the professional gambler. Damon Runyon said once about gambling in another



© ACME

"Cat-power" harnessed at Grand Coulee Dam. To run 500 ft. of cable through a winding drain-pipe, engineers utilized a cat; a string was tied to the animal, and it was induced to run through the pipe. The string was then tied to a rope, the rope to the cable.

form: "The popular form is gambling on horse and dog races . . . You are a knocker and a killjoy if you raise your voice against gambling on the races because, you are told, it is to produce revenue for the state. Nothing is said about the revenue it produces for the track owners. Yet there is no record of any state, which has legalized gambling on the races, reducing its taxes on that account."

We might get emotional about it, and object to the picture of Uncle Sam in the green apron of a croupier, but let's be just coldly economic. Gambling and lotteries thrive on fools—the gambler calls them "suckers." It is not money saved but money thrown away. It fails to pay off financially—and what it does to national character is understandable.

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CHRISTIAN

MAY, 1944

LET CHRISTIAN LEADERS BEWARE!

RECENTLY twenty-eight distinguished publicists and religious leaders issued a protest against intensive bombing of industrial Europe. The majority of these twenty-eight have been and are my personal friends. I have replied to their statement publicly, and in two instances by letter. They are sincere and courageous but ill-timed and mistaken. What will their words convey to men at the front, to men in uniform, to men in foxholes and Flying Fortresses? To whom do they bring comfort and encouragement?

Let Christian leaders beware. A vocal Pacifism now is Activism for the enemy. It can only hinder and delay the victory of the Allies and the triumph of Freedom. I am glad that the twenty-eight have their freedom, too; but I write here for those who fight and die that this and every other freedom shall not perish. In their statement the "28" had not one word to say about these men. It is, I think, not unreasonable to ask that when courageous men who are Pacifists issue statements against the particulars of war such as this declaration, they should also state that irrevocably they refuse to support any part of any war. War itself cannot be less than the ultimate horror. There can be no nice war; no war that does not "kill too much." Let war be damned forever.

At first hand I know the horrors of which the twenty-eight have written. Neither they nor I will ever tell that story, and every minute of delay in winning this war is death for yet other men, women and children.

What would these twenty-eight do about it? Would they have the Axis win? Would they have this torture of our children renewed for the unborn? Would they take appeasement and lose the very chance to build a decent world? Shall our dead have died in vain? And what of those who yet must die? Every word spoken now and every act speeds victory, strengthens America and the Allies to win quickly, or it gives comfort to the enemy. Pacifism could not keep the world out of war and now it can only delay the end of war and add to the slaughter. If speak they must, let them speak to win the war with utmost dispatch, that the slaughter may be stopped and that we may have a chance to build a decent world.

But I hear some sincere men say, "We must have our witness, too!" What then of that? If I had been a Pacifist, if my influence had helped send



highminded youths to camps for conscientious objectors, I hope that maintaining the integrity of my position and refusing the exemption granted my high calling, I would have gone with them. This would be for me the only adequate witness. More than 8,000 clergymen of all faiths who are not Pacifists have had their witness by going to the colors. They are chaplains in the Army and Navy. Their percentage casualty record is the highest of the services save only among officers of the Air Corps and Infantry.

If ever we bless war or preach hate against any people, then God pity us! But God shame us forever if we withhold the blessings from those who suffer and die that Liberty shall not perish. War is bestial, but Freedom, Justice, Human Personality are most holy, and for these our children give now that "last full measure." An imperative task of religion is to convince men that though they lose their bodies, leave them on battlefields or beneath oceans, they need not lose their souls.

Finally, at the very heart of this stupendous struggle is the Twentieth Century realism of "Do good to them that hate you," for if Freedom wins then at last all must be free—enemies as well as friends; foes as well as allies. In such an hour we should be glad to live, and, if need be, die. To such a cause we should be sadly proud to give our sons.


A CHAPLAIN IS "REPRIMANDED"

CHAPLAIN CHARLES L. AUSTIN, stationed at Kessler Field, Mississippi, wrote a letter to Representative Hugh Scott, of Pennsylvania, in which (the Press reports) he raised questions concerning the Congressman's vote against a Federal Bill having to do with voting in the armed forces. Mr. Scott made the correspondence public, and wrote to the Chaplain's Commanding Officer, Col. Robert E. M. Goldrick, protesting that the chaplain was engaged in "lobbying activities." The Congressman reports that the Commanding Officer verbally reprimanded the chaplain. Also the Congressman went on to say that "a man of the cloth in service should not take time off from his spiritual guidance duties to engage in lobbying." That last seems gratuitous. Perhaps the chaplain believed that in writing a personal letter to a Congressman he represented the thoughts and desires of the men he served; perhaps he thought that the Congressman would be glad to have such a letter. I am sure this chaplain had no idea or hope of changing the course of Congress. The treatment his letter received is just a bit disquieting. The Congressman himself is responsible for the publicity. Now that the chaplain in the service has been reprimanded, he no doubt feels himself properly vindicated.

Daniel A. Poling

EDITOR - IN - CHIEF





Faith BEATS THE GANGSTER

"Maybe you will stay on the farm, Son," said the man, "and maybe you will go off to the city. But wherever you go, you will be tempted often. Remember God has a plan and a purpose for you, and then you'll always try to do what's right."

By William F. McDermott

BATTALIONS of armed killers, steel doors for bombproof offices, armored cars and sawed-off shotguns—before these the church bell and Sunday school lessons, the robed choir and the service of worship, seem pathetically ineffective.

Yet the fact remains that the most incredible criminal outfit in American history was conquered by religion. The Capone gang was knocked out by the Church!

The older generation will recall the swaggering outfit under that notorious gangster which held Chicago by its throat throughout most of the 1920's. In that period murders were an almost daily occurrence in America's second city. Altogether something like 700 victims of the "one-way ride"—which meant a head blown off by shotgun slugs, a body rid-

dled by machine-gun bullets, or a heart punctured by automatic revolver fire—were attributed to the lawless empire.

Murder, Inc., which gripped New York for years, and whose ruler, the notorious Louis (Lepke) Buchalter, was recently executed in the electric chair at Sing Sing prison, was a piker compared to Capone. Chicago police were helpless and admitted it, giving gangdom a wide berth. State authorities gave up in despair.

It looked like a super-government of violence and death finally had fastened its claws on a community of 4,000,000 people—that is, until a very quiet, gracious, deferential citizen, an Iowa farm boy turned lawyer, arrived on the scene. The day this Christian man, whose conscience has always been his guide, took the oath of office as the United States

District Attorney in Chicago, the doom of Capone and his bloody cohorts was sounded.

Before we reveal this drama of faith and courage, let's turn the calendar back many years to see the seed-sowing, of which we have garnered in the harvest. Before the great Civil War—nearly 100 years ago, in fact—a small girl, Mathilda Linderholm, set sail with her parents from Sweden for the promised land of America. A few years later, a young man from the same country, John Johnson, also came here. All Europe had been swept with the stories of this new nation where there were free farms and liberty of worship. They came, much as the Pilgrims did, to help turn a wilderness into a garden and to build a new Christian state.

The Linderholms settled at Victoria, Ill., where the father built the first Swedish Methodist Church in Illinois. Here John and Mathilda met and were married. They were a very religious young couple and the first thing they did when they moved to Iowa in 1867 to take up new land, was to establish the family

altar in their home; they continued daily prayers in the homestead until their death. They set as their goal the development of a fine farm and the bringing up of a God-fearing family.

Among the children born to them was a boy, whose name—George E. Q. Johnson—became known the world over many years later as the champion of the law, the vindicator of justice, and the victor over syndicated crime. His was the simple life of the pioneer. There were the log schoolhouse, the modest

was most highly honored was the Bible.

It was in personal contact, though, that the children got their finest ideals. John Johnson often would take his children out for a walk—and a talk—across the fields and meadows. To one of these hikes can very definitely be traced the beginnings of the struggle against gangdom in Chicago.

It was on a starlit summer night, with warm air gushing up from the soil, that the father and George went hand-in-hand for a jaunt. The boy was about 12. As

night into the youth's brain, there to become the part of an imperishable record.

Farm work and study, the debating society and church activities, engaged young Johnson until he was 20. Then he became a country schoolteacher. As a young man he was also a member of the Methodist church at Ft. Dodge, Iowa, later to be made famous by the pastorate of the Rev. Hartzell Spence in the book "One Foot in Heaven." Johnson decided upon the law as a profession and planned to locate in Chicago. He worked days and studied nights. Often he was down to a crust of bread to live on.

Success attended his efforts and he became one of the leading attorneys of the Midwest. He gave hundreds of addresses on Christian citizenship before church bodies and other religious groups, pointing out that it is up to laymen to apply religion and morality to all phases of human life and activity. Then, unexpectedly, came the announcement through the Chicago press that President Coolidge had appointed George E. Q. Johnson to be United States District Attorney. The item created local interest at the time, but there was nothing sensational about it—it was not a widely heralded move to use federal means to break down the Capone empire.

Flowers covered Johnson's desk in the federal building the day he took office, and letters and telegrams of congratulation poured in. Some politicians, of the type who believe in exploiting rather than serving the public, dropped hints that a "choice plum" had fallen into the new district attorney's lap along with the appointment. There were vague suggestions—really "feelers"—that here was a chance for a "clean-up."

District Attorney Johnson soon squelched any proposals for the misuse of public trust. He quietly sent word down the line that dishonesty would mean the ax for any employee and prosecution for any outsiders. More than that, he determined to smash the Capone gang to pieces. For months he studied ways and means of bringing federal might to bear. Finally he devised the income-tax evasion prosecution as the most effective weapon.

The story is an old one: Undercover men for months worked on the case, some worming their way into the inner circle of the Capone gang. A mountain of evidence was secured—Uncle Sam had been robbed of hundreds of thousands of dollars. Warrants were issued and U. S. marshals swooped down on Emperor Alphonse and his henchmen. It was a screaming-headline story.

The district attorney knew it was to be a bloody trail. He had seen firsthand how gangdom would slaughter where it was interfered with. In a suburb, Chicago Heights, the federal gov-

(Continued on page 58)



"I believe that good will finally overcome all evil, because wickedness has within it the seeds of its own death. The Capone empire, built on hate and violence, could not endure," says Judge George E. Q. Johnson, prosecutor of Al Capone.

home, the long hours of farm work and of study, the wholesome family life with its sturdy character and noble ideals, the innocent pleasures of the countryside, and the country church—center of religious and social life. God was made very real to people in those days, and their faith and devotion were complete.

Parents, too, were very close to their children and helped them over the rough spots with sympathy and encouragement. The Johnsons had the only library in the community, and to it knowledge-hungry people came from far and wide to get books to read and study. They had Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," and the works of Shakespeare and Emerson. They had poems and essays, biography and great fiction.

But the one among all the books that

they sauntered across the pasture, into a bit of woodland, and then to a side-road, they talked about the lad's future.

"Maybe you will stay on the farm, Son," said the man, "and maybe you will go off to the city. But wherever you go and whatever you do, you will be tempted lots of times. The thing to remember is that God has a plan and a purpose for you, and then you'll always try to do what's right."

They walked on in silence for a while, and then the father went on:

"This is God's country, Son, and He has a destiny for it. Be grateful that you live in a new world, free from the jealousies and tyrannies of the old, and always do your best to keep this nation strong and honorable. Never do anything to bring reproach upon it."

Those ideas burned their way that



Christian Herald's PEACE POLL RETURN

Peace Poll mail swamps the Editorial Department of Christian Herald

In the most popular readers' poll ever conducted by *Christian Herald*, a cross-section of Protestant America goes on record for a genuinely Christian peace. Those voting here would disarm but not destroy, punish but not avenge, help and not crush. They stand for justice tempered with mercy. They would forgive, though they might not be able to forget. Completely Christian are the findings of this Poll: this is the brand of brotherhood for which the world bleeds.

SHOULD the leaders of religious and public life in this country have any doubts as to the virility of American Christianity, they will profit by a careful study of the findings of the *HERALD's* Poll on the Peace. It is the Good News of the faith brought up to the minute.

In even a casual examination, there are certain inescapable emphases to be found in this Poll which color the whole. First, the casting of the votes in Part One of the Poll, and the writing of the letters in Part Two was definitely in the Christian spirit. Eight out of every ten letters began with the suggestion that the daily sessions of the peace conference be opened with prayer; many said they would set aside regular hours of each day for individual prayer. Scores said they would ask themselves, before answering any question or suggesting any solution at the Peace Table, "What would Jesus say? How would He settle this?"

A strong strain of *tolerance* ran through the letters and the voting. There was not one really bitter, vengeful letter in the lot. The majority asked that all nations, victors as well as defeated, be represented at the peace conference. The prize-winning letter caught the imagination of all the judges with its opening line: "The first thing I would

strive to do would be to abolish the idea of conquerors and vanquished among the delegates at this table." Many recognized that there would be other faiths than Christianity represented here, and they felt that these representatives should be heard in sympathy and understanding. At the same time, the readers felt that there was a primary need of total Christianity to replace the total chaos of the world, that Jesus Christ has the answer. Many letters emphasized the need of a vastly expanded missionary crusade after the war.

This desire for an approach to the peace in a Christian spirit was quite apparent in the answers to the first question of the Poll: "Would you favor punishment (not vengeance) for the Axis leaders? If so, what punishment?" There was a high percentage voting for punishment, but it was distinctly *punishment in justice and not in revenge*. The form of punishment varied widely: death 12 percent; life imprisonment 9 percent; exile 5 percent; solitary confinement 2 percent; hard labor 2 percent; hanging 1 percent. One very frank writer put it in two words: "The axe!" Another suggested that the Axis leaders be conducted on a never-ending tour of Allied cemeteries. Only one said "Sterilization." The most frequently quoted line of Scripture was "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord." It is a tribute to the

Christian character and thinking of these readers that they had the courage to quote that line in its entirety, complete with the last three words! The eye-for-an-eye philosophy of the Old Testament is definitely out in this Poll; the philosophy of the New is definitely in.

It is significant, too, that 70 percent do *not* want to punish the people of the Axis nations. The feeling here seems to be that the people as such have been powerless in the hands of an evil leadership, and that they probably wanted this war no more than the people of the United States wanted it. While this runs counter to what a good many authors and commentators are saying, the voters in this Poll have their fingers on a sore spot when they maintain that punishment for the people would fall hardest on a generation not yet born. To punish a future generation would certainly be the finest way imaginable to get under way with World War III.

A vote of 70 percent "yes" came on the question of punishing under-officers and soldiers who have committed atrocities in occupied territory. The 23 percent minority here had some good arguments. They held that a fair trial would be impossible in occupied territory; that it would be physically impossible to round up all the guilty, and that to punish only a few and let the many escape would be an injustice; that these officers

PERCENTAGE TABULATION

QUESTIONS	Yes	No	Don't Know
1. Would you favor punishment (not vengeance) for the Axis leaders?	87%	7%	6%
2. Would you punish the people of the Axis nations as well as the leaders?	23%	70%	7%
3. Do you favor bringing to trial the under-officers, soldiers, etc. who have committed atrocities in occupied territory?	70%	23%	7%
4. Would you completely disarm the Axis nations?	77%	16%	7%
5. Would you deprive the Axis nations of their colonies?	41%	40%	19%
6. Would you apply the principle to all nations of collective responsibility instead of national ownership of colonies?	59%	23%	18%
7. Would you demand payment of indemnities by Axis nations?	49%	43%	8%
8. Would you conscript Axis manpower to rebuild devastated areas?	54%	38%	8%
9. Would you favor American participation in a new international body organized to keep the world at peace?	91%	4%	5%
10. Would you forgive and forget and start all over again? (Forgive) (Forget)	52% 1%	35% —	— 12%
11. Would you favor the creation of a military police force recruited from the United Nations, to police the world until all peoples have had a chance to restore order, elect their own governments, etc.?	87%	9%	4%
12. Would you favor the abolition of tariff barriers, and the establishment of free trade?	54%	31%	15%
13. Would you favor the retention by America and Britain of the air bases they have built all over the world?	66%	21%	13%

and men were under military orders in committing those atrocities, disobedience of which meant death.

Most of the readers would disarm the Axis. Some would disarm them only on condition that the victorious nations disarm at the same time—which is a good Christian position. The idea of quarantine and re-education of Axis nations, particularly of Axis youth, received a strong vote.

On the question of what to do with the colonies, there was the same confusion we find everywhere when colonies are mentioned. That is not too surprising; even the acknowledged diplomatic leaders of the world are in a quandary here. Nobody has yet dared to suggest who shall get what Axis colonies, or why.

On indemnities, the vote is fairly even. Hundreds were frank in saying that it would be a rank injustice to levy in-

demnities on the Axis, because (again) innocent, future generations would then bear the brunt of the punishment for a war with which they had nothing whatever to do. There was also constant reminder of the truth that these nations will be bankrupt at war's end, and unable to pay anything anyway! Indemnities, these readers say, have been tried before—and always found wanting.

The conscription of Axis manpower to rebuild devastated areas seemed a difficult question to decide. Many held frankly that this would be slave labor, and therefore unjustifiable. Yet 54 percent felt that somehow the Axis should be compelled to shoulder the main bur-

★ SIX POINTS FOR PEACE

If Christian Herald could sit at the peace table, we would advocate the following Six Points For Peace, which sum up the suggestions of the participants of this Poll:

1. All nations—victor, vanquished, neutral—shall be represented.

2. A permanent international judicial body to be organized and vested with authority to mediate all future international disputes. Such questions as the punishment of war criminals, indemnities, national boundaries, etc., are to be acted upon by this body following investigation and recommendation by representative commissions.

3. A permanent international police force to be recruited from the several states, and vested with power to preserve the peace prior to investigation and mediation by the international body. All other armaments, except those of this police force, abandoned.

4. The people of the sovereign states, the colonies, dependencies, protectorates, etc., shall determine the forms of government under which they wish to live.

5. A free international interchange of students, in the interests of closer understanding.

6. A commission to study the re-establishment of the world's trade and the reallocation of the world's natural resources on a basis of international rather than national profit and welfare.

den of responsibility for a war which only the Axis wanted. The idea was clear enough; details as to just how the Axis could be made to do this were lacking.

The largest affirmative vote of the whole Poll came in answer to the question, "Would you favor American participation in a new international body organized to keep the world at peace?" Here 91 percent said "Yes," and only 4 percent said "No." That's interesting. We evidently have few isolationists read-

ing CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is even more interesting when we look at the circulation figures of this magazine: the great bulk of that circulation is in towns of less than 25,000 population, and a large part of it lies in the Midwestern states. The small town and the Midwest are supposed to be the isolationist strongholds of the country—but are they?

Forgiving and forgetting (Question 10) brought out some hesitancy in answering. Note that only one percent said definitely that they could forget, and that may be justified in that a Christian may very conceivably forgive even though he can't forget. But a reading of all the replies to this question convinces us that those who voted for forgiveness were thinking of a forgiveness tempered with justice. There was no sickly sentimentality about it.

The second largest vote went in favor of a United Nations police force to restore order after the armistice; there was very little disagreement on that one, though some few objectors felt that such a police force would be a temptation toward imperialism, that it would give the victorious policing nations a "high and mighty attitude." The question dealing with the establishment of tariff barriers was left unanswered by more readers than left any other question unanswered probably because so many of them felt that a question of such tremendous scope and involvements simply could not be answered by a simple "yes" or "no." The same sentiment was expressed by many who hesitated to answer in one word the question dealing with American and British air bases.

When we came to judging the letters submitted in response to the question in Part Two of the Poll ("If you could sit at the peace table, what would you do, as a Christian, to preserve the peace and prevent another world war?"), our troubles really began. Selecting the one best letter out of this flood of really good letters seemed almost impossible. A long process of elimination brought them down first to fifty, then to twenty-five, then to ten. Finally it was two—one written by a university professor, the other by a minister. The university professor had a perfectly worded letter, but it seemed to the judges that Dr. Julian Howard, Pastor of the Pilgrim Holiness Church, of Danville, Virginia, held more to the Christian emphasis of the original question, and that he summed up the best of the sentiments in the best of the other letters. So to Dr. Howard, CHRISTIAN HERALD sends its check for one hundred dollars.

Dr. Howard could not possibly catch up all the sentiments and ideas of all the letters, for they ran the whole gamut from dreamy idealism to brutally frank realism. Some few failed to sense the immensity of the job to be done at the peace table, and they wrote in lighter vein. One suggested that we "put Mc-

Guffey's Readers in all the schools of the world; people who studied McGuffey's in their childhood did not fight when they grew up." (We wonder what we are to do, here, with the Civil and Spanish-American Wars!) The same reader was much nearer the truth when she claimed that "The time to train a child is one hundred years before he is born."

But on the whole the letters were serious. They pleaded for brotherhood, for understanding, for an equal chance for all humanity. They indicated a tremendous amount of careful study and reading; they were careful, considerate, construc-

tive and Christian—and what bothers us now is that we could not have sent out a thousand checks for one hundred dollars each!

All who run a race benefit by it. Those who came out as "also rans" in this one may be glad to know that their effort will not be lost. This report on the Poll goes to every Senator and Congressman at Washington, to the Church leaders of America, to the leading religious and secular magazines and newspapers, immediately upon publication. Protestant America has spoken—and Protestant America will be heard!



Rev. Julian Howard, 27-year-old pastor, is concerned with the peace first because of his Christian faith, second because he has a son 17 months old.

PRIZE LETTER

If I could sit at the peace table, what would I do, as a Christian, to preserve the peace and prevent another world war?

The first thing I would strive to do would be to abolish the idea of conquerors and vanquished among the delegates at this table. As I see it, no lasting arrangement for world peace can be made with one group arrogantly demanding every advantage—materially, financially and territorially—by right of victory, with the other side agreeing sullenly, with the mental reservation that it is yielding only because superior armed might makes it imperative. All must meet as world statesmen and not only as national leaders, and must work for the spiritual and moral good of the world as a whole. The aim should be not to reap a temporary gain for a few large nations but to gain lasting and permanent advantage for all.

Second: I would cast my influence and vote for an international world organization designed to make future wars an impossibility. To be effective this organization must have valid representation from all the nations of the world. Each country, however small, should have equal right and vote in all policies, administrations, activities and programs of this organization.

Third: I would strive, as a Christian leader, to help bring forth an international police force to preserve the peace. This police force, consisting of an international army, navy and air force, should be equipped with the most modern weapons and held ready at all times for decisive action should any nation become an aggressor against any other nation. The finances for such a force could be obtained from taxes levied on each participating nation.

Fourth: I would work strenuously to help remove conditions which might produce future wars; economic deprivation, racial discrimination, international suspicion and any other basic cause which might help produce another world conflict. Mutual arrangements should be made whereby the raw materials and natural resources of the world would be made accessible to all nations, thus removing one of the greatest causes of war. International conscience should be aroused to protest and act collectively and decisively against the idea of a master or superior race divinely ordained to rule all other peoples. I would favor international scholarships among all nations.

Fifth: I would strongly favor that the defeated nations, after a suitable period of probation, should be admitted into this world organization as full member-nations.

Finally, and above all, I would strive as a Christian leader to bring about among the delegates represented here a feeling of our mutual need of divine assistance in effecting a lasting peace. If vanquished and victor alike meet humbled and chastened by adversity, patiently and persistently seeking the help of Almighty God in constructing a lasting and abiding peace, then perhaps we shall be able to beat our swords into ploughshares and our spears into pruning hooks, and "nations shall learn war no more."

Rev. JULIAN HOWARD, Pastor, Pilgrim Holiness Church, Danville, Virginia.



Members of the Senior Forum ease the labor shortage through their Employment Bureau.



"Ted," Theodore M. Atkinson, Jr., is president of the Forum of the First Congregational Church.



A shortage of pennies made it difficult for Winchester factories to meet their cash payrolls. The Senior Forum organized a Penny Hunt and in three hours collected 80,000 pennies. Above, the Forum president is handing over some of the coins to a Federal Reserve Bank officer.

Too Busy For Mischief!

BY DOROTHY WALWORTH

THERE is probably no place where 'teen-age youngsters get as much enjoyment out of life as in Winchester, Massachusetts. And yet Winchester has no recreation center, no elaborate program of amusements such as many communities have devised to solve their youth problems.

What Winchester does have is the Senior Forum, organized and run by 150 enthusiastic boys and girls of the First Congregational Church. The Forum was designed six years ago to develop in its members qualities of leadership and a sense of good citizenship. However, as a by-product, this Forum has brought more zest into 'teen-age lives than a thousand varieties of organized play.

Why? To give the real picture one must build it up like a mosaic, piece by piece, for the activities of these typically American kids are as diverse as they are dynamic. Weekdays and Sundays they are doing everything from running their own church services, listening to talks by eminent speakers, entertaining soldiers and printing their own newspaper, to shoveling snow and washing windows. In their quarters in the church building, Ted Atkinson, Steve Greene, Anne Peniman, Patsy Eberle, Peter Rooney and all the rest may be discussing international social crises or singing "Mairzy Doats"—both with equal gusto.

"Our young people are not angels," says Dr. Howard J. Chidley, their pastor, who was worried six years ago over the non-attendance at church and Sunday school of Winchester's youth. "They're

healthy normal kids with a lot of energy which the Forum diverts into useful activity. The Forum does something besides keeping kids busy or out of harm's way, and that's why it succeeds. We adults have got to understand that there's more to young people than just the capacity for play. 'Teen-age youngsters are both mature and immature. Babies one minute—men and women the next. Appeal to their immature side and you get youth problems. Appeal to their mature side and they respond like adults. They get a big kick, not so much out of juke boxes and ice cream, as out of being given a real grown-up chance to contribute."

Three Sunday mornings a month the Forum members meet at 9:30 in their own Gothic chapel. In these services, one of the Forum boys, black-robed as chaplain, conducts a half-hour worship period. The chaplain not only announces the hymns and reads the Scripture lessons but makes up his own prayers. Throughout these prayers there is one recurring theme: "Oh, Lord, grant that we may see Thy purpose in our lives." One of the Forum girls may sing an offertory solo. The organ is played by a member trained by the adult church organist.

"We all want to be chosen chaplain," says Ted Atkinson, the Forum's 17-year-old president. "But it's a tough assignment. If you mispronounce a word in the Scripture lesson, for instance, there's fifty guys who'll tell you about it afterwards. Our gang seems to have four

Boys and girls of the Senior Forum help harvest apples at a nearby orchard.



Members of the Senior Forum count the coins collected during their Penny Hunt. The goal, set at 25,000, was more than trebled.



Don Armstrong conducting a class in nature study—an activity of the Senior Forum of the First Congregational Church, Winchester, Mass.

pairs of ears apiece."

Following the worship service, the members listen to a speaker brought in for the occasion. Since they won't stand being talked down to, he is usually a man with a healthy respect for the adolescent mind and represents some important field of human activity. Educators, authors, political leaders, ministers, lawyers, and scientists give their best to this audience with four pairs of ears apiece. Men like Basil Mathews, former head of the World Youth Conference; Edwin P. Booth, head of the Department of New Testament at Boston University; Herbert Gerzork, professor of Social Ethics at Wellesley College, and Sanford Bates, head of the New York State Parole Board, are among Forum favorites.

Each address is related to the theme the Forum has chosen for its year's program. Every spring the eighteen officers of the Forum and Miss Scott go into a three-day retreat at some secluded spot to work out next year's program. "We have a grand time on those retreats," the officers say. "Sure, we work, but we get in all the swimming and hiking we can, too."

Every fourth Sunday the Forum meets with the adult congregation in the main church. Some of the Forum boys act as ushers. Their chaplain reads the Scripture lesson. Dr. Chidley preaches them a special sermon and says he'd have an easier time preaching to any other audience on earth—"because these kids don't let you take anything for granted and they can spot fuzzy thinking a mile off."

After Pearl Harbor the members decided that just listening and discussing wasn't enough. So on their own initiative they began their "program of action." Now they meet once a week in ten different service groups. Each member may choose the group he wishes to join.

The War Service group busies itself with letters and gifts for the 100 alumni of the Forum now with the armed forces,

and with boxes for military camps and hospitals. Other groups take up surgical dressings for the Red Cross or the making of toys for children at Japanese relocation camps. Another spends each Saturday morning with kindergarten children at a Boston settlement house, playing games, supervising work with paint and paste and scissors. "The tots are so eager for these Forum mornings they begin standing on our steps a couple of hours before we open," a settlement house director says. Another group gets up plays and performs for servicemen's clubs and hospitals.

Famous are the Forum bellringers, who have become skilled on handbells brought over from London two years ago, and give concerts for servicemen and sick folk. The Forum's chorus, trained by a 'teen-ager, gives performances at the Suffolk County jail. The chorus also sings frequently for the soldiers at Fort Devens. "Once the bus broke down," they say. "We had to wade through two feet of snow for about an hour to get there. We had a wonderful time. It was really keen."

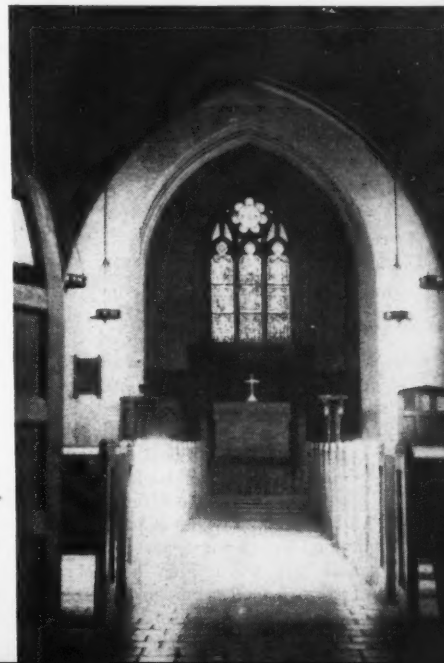
All these activities are faithfully reported in *Forum Flashes*, a spirited monthly printed by Forum members, which may contain anything from an editorial on American foreign policy to an item about the collapse of a pingpong table at the last Open House.

The activity which brings Forum members into the closest contact with their community is their Employment Bureau, a godsend to Winchester householders. It wasn't started to make money, but because members wanted to ease the acute labor shortage. Through their Bureau, they sign up at twenty cents an hour to mow lawns, chop wood, shovel snow or coal, take care of children. As many as 124 members have been employed at one time. A local plumber, who was swamped each fall with orders to sweep out gutters, trained a corps of Forum boys in gutter-sweeping.

Ten percent (Continued on page 70)



Forumites conduct youngsters' activities at the Winchester Community House.



The Senior Forum holds its meeting in the Ripley Chapel of the First Congregational Church, Winchester, Mass.



The wounded are transported in giant hospital planes.

ALL PICTURES OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS, ARMY AIR FORCE

SHOULD your son be one of the more than two million boys now serving in the Army Air Forces, Mr. and Mrs. America, you can rest assured that he will receive even better medical attention than you receive at home. Should he be wounded in action over the green jungles of New Guinea or the bleak hills of Italy, the country's best surgeons and physicians are waiting back at his base to give him immediate attention.

And should his wounds prove serious, a giant transport plane, a veritable flying hospital, will whisk him in safety and comfort to a modern medical center, far

An interview with Major General David N. W. Grant, Air Surgeon,
U. S. Army Air Forces Medical Services

By Howard Rushmore

removed from the combat area, where expert doctors, specialists and nurses will provide for his every need. In addition, this hospital provides a convalescent training program of rehabilitation, education and entertainment.

In a doctor's quiet and precise way, the man who is in charge of this gigantic program thus outlined the Army Air Forces Medical Services' responsibilities

which, as he tells the story, brings to the heart of every parent the realization that here is humanitarian democracy working in the midst of war and its grim by-products: death, wounds and disease.

Major General David N. W. Grant fingered a miniature model of a flying hospital on his desk and looked thoughtfully out of his window in Washington's Pen-

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You can rest assured, Mr. and Mrs. America. Your wounded soldier-son receives even better medical attention than you receive at home. Above: Medical Corps men are training in evacuating wounded.

tagon Building as he talked on with a factual confidence born of thirty-eight years' experience as a medical officer in the Army of the United States.

"As Air Surgeon of the AAF, I'd like the opportunity to speak to every parent of our two million boys," he said. "I know they worry about their sons. Who wouldn't? God bless them. But if I can somehow convey to the parents who read the *CHRISTIAN HERALD* that their boys receive better medical attention than the fathers and mothers, I hope they will know what I mean when I say our job is to save lives."

Across the General's broad chest is a double row of campaign ribbons, some of them indicating service in the Pacific and Africa theatres of operation. He talked about the things he has seen at Guadalcanal, North Africa and on other battlefronts.

"A cynic might say that it is impossible to set up base hospitals that are better than our great medical centers here at home. Yet in these remote fighting fronts I've met America's best surgeons and doctors; they come from hospitals such as Johns Hopkins, the Mayo Clinic, and New York Medical Center. They're in there doing a grand job with facilities as good or better than we have at home.

"War is a grim business. The poet who wrote about 'The bloom and the beauty of battle, the splendor of spears,' never saw what was left of a youngster after he had stopped a 20-mm. Focke-Wulf cannon shell. I have. So have our air surgeons."

He arose and paced the floor, his six-foot figure erect, his eyes flashing. "Yet we must remember that the same boy, through the wonders of modern science,

been saved in the Civil War! And of the needless suffering when wounded men were transported by mules and wagon for agonizing hours back to overcrowded hospitals miles away. Often four or five trips were necessary before they were finally based and attended to. World War I had an almost similar story."

With those lessons of history in mind, General Grant, long before Pearl Harbor, worked endlessly to assure an adequate medical program for his services. When he was appointed Air Surgeon in October 1941, the medical personnel attached to the Air Corps numbered about 8,000. Now more than 100,000 are enrolled in the AAF medical division.

His Commanding Officer, General H. H. Arnold, praised General Grant's work in a recent report, stressing particularly the evacuation of more than 140,000 sick, wounded and injured men from combat zones since Pearl Harbor, saying, "This is one of the greatest accomplishments of modern aviation medicine—an accomplishment of interest to every parent of a soldier in any branch of the Army."

Yet the Air Surgeon, under whose su-



The saving of lives as quickly and humanely as science and medicine permit is the goal reached by the Army Air Forces Medical Services. A boy wounded in Italy in the morning is back at a modern hospital getting the attention of America's best doctors by mid-afternoon.

may live for many years. We've all read of the War Between the States and the romance surrounding the Lost Cause. I'm a Virginian, and yet to me the real story of that war was not the victories or the defeats, but the rows and rows of wounded men lying there for hours on end between the lines, with no one to give them medical attention—at Cold Harbor, at Chancellorsville, at Gettysburg.

"Think of the lives that *might* have

pervision this great work of humanity has been carried on, has never flown in one of his own hospital ships!

"Why should I?" he asks, smiling. "I'm big and healthy and I would be taking up space which a wounded man could occupy. Besides, each ship is staffed by nurses and doctors who are thoroughly competent to do the job without my supervision."

Modesty is one of his virtues; we made many a futile effort to get the General



Major General David N. W. Grant, Air Surgeon, U. S. Army Air Forces Medical Services and Air Marshal Sir Harold Whittingham, Director General of Medical Services, RAF, shown at the Army Air Forces School of Air Evacuation, Bowman Field, Kentucky.

to discuss his own role in the establishment of air evacuation, one of the major branches of the Air Force medical service.

"It was simply a question, from the military point of view, of logistics. Cargo planes were flying material to the war area and returning empty. It was decided that instead of that, these planes could be loaded with the wounded, who needed attention at base hospitals.

"Now, of course, we have regular hospital planes equipped with every convenience, as well as the cargo ships. Think what it means when a boy, wounded in Italy in the morning, is back at a modern hospital getting the attention of America's best doctors by mid-afternoon.

"Twenty-five years ago that boy might have spent *days* in reaching a hospital. At the start of the war in New Guinea, it took three weeks to get the wounded over the Owen Stanley Mountains back to a base medical center. Now our planes fly them out in *fifty-five minutes*."

General Grant paused. "I'd like to correct one popular impression—the impression that all wounded are flown back to the United States. That isn't true, at all. It isn't necessary."

He explained that his department has 937 hospitals scattered all over the world, many of them fully equipped to handle any emergencies. If it seems likely that the wounded boy will recover in a short time, he is kept at the hospital in the theatre of operations.

"He receives the same expert attention that he would receive in the States," the General pointed out. He waved to photographs on his office wall of these far-away hospitals, some in the jungles, some in the desert. They resembled the interior of any modern hospital, with an efficiency that was obvious.

After the patient is on the road to recovery, convalescent training starts.

"For example," the Air Surgeon declared, "a radio operator will learn that he need not lose his touch, for practice sending and receiving sets can be made available at his bedside.

"The convalescent's physical training begins in the hospitals with muscle-flexing and deep-breathing exercises in bed and gradually builds up to outdoor games and close-order drill. Study and education is also included. An illiterate soldier can be taught to write his name and serial number in forty-eight hours, while the man in the next bed may pick up a vocabulary of 150 words in any one of

thirty foreign languages after seven hours of listening to phonograph records available in all hospitals.

"In the basic-training centers, the emphasis is on self-protection, gas warfare, camouflage, booby traps, land mines, map reading, judo and first-aid as well as military courtesy. The motto is: 'While you are sick in the hospital today you may learn something that will save your life six months from now.'"

Thus, General Grant pointed out, the boy whose wound twenty-five years ago would have been marked "mortal," steps from the hospital, a few weeks after he entered, in the peak of physical condition, his body strong, his mind alert, his spirit good. He is again ready to fight the enemy. And he will return secure in the knowledge that nothing in the world of science and medicine was left undone to guarantee his recovery.

As an indication of the vast activity behind this Air Force program, there are 10,000 medical officers; 6,000 Army Nurse Corps; 4,000 Dental Corps; 2,000 Medical Administrative Sanitary Corps; 150 Dietetic Corps and 20 Physical Therapist Corps.

General Grant, in outlining the scale of this project, indicated that it was being constantly enlarged. The opening of the European front in the West will undoubtedly increase the Air Surgeon's responsibilities, but he refused to predict details.

"We plan from one year to two years ahead," the General said simply, but there was a glint in his eye that indicated his staff was ready for any new developments
(Continued on page 65)



At the Army Air Forces School of Air Evacuation, Bowman Field, Kentucky, a Flight Nurse is training in the administration of blood plasma aboard a hospital plane.

Nothing's *Changed*



Beth was remembering his open-faced look, his eagerness and his smile.

"JIMMY'S coming home!"

"Jimmy Nichols is coming in on the seven-thirty."

"Old Jim's gettin' in tonight." The words fairly jumped across hedges, over counters, through spring football and track practice teams—all through the little Missouri town.

"Good gracious, Miz Nichols, your face is fairly beaming, and no wonder. It'll be great to see Jim. Tell him to drop around to the store, first chance he gets," said the storekeeper early in the week.

"Thank you, Mr. Pearson. But you know Jimmy. In and out and the boys after him every moment." The leniency in her smile said: But he'll be home, even if he's out most of the time, or if the house is full of youngsters. "I'll send him down for some groceries."

Things must be the same as always. Jimmy out in the garage, tinkering on something in his spare time, or pitching horseshoes.

The little cottage on Front Street was polished and shining. The curtains in Jim's room had been freshly laundered, the new, red-checked gingham ones in the kitchen spread a hospitable glow over the rising odor of baking bread, spice cake and ham. It was funny about the ham. Because they knew that one ration book's red stamps wouldn't be enough, the neighbors to the left had brought over some extras. "You can't feed a hungry man, used to Navy rations, on a lone woman's stamp book, Martha," said Mrs. Berry. "The children mentioned it to me first. I was surprised to see how they all urged me to bring them to you."

"That's awfully nice of you, Kate. Jimmy does love ham. Tell the boys that Jim will have a story or two to tell them! And tell Suzanne that I'll be giving a little party for him on his last night, and we'll need her."

Of course they'd need Suzanne. She and Jim had gone through grade school and high school together. Jim had gotten a job at Perry's Garage and worked after school and on Saturdays, and then he had gone on full-time as soon as Commencement was over. Suzanne had been

hurt over that, for they were to have gone to Missouri University together.

But Jimmy's father had died suddenly, and he was the man of the house overnight. "I'll work this year, Mom, and go to school next," he had said, but Martha Nichols felt a premonition that he wouldn't ever go on to college.

Suzanne had completed a teacher's course and was employed by the local Board of Education to impart English to the youth of the junior high. She had married an engineer who was now in South Africa. And she was home again to help alleviate the teacher shortage which had hit Missouri with a resounding thud.

All week Mrs. Nichols had gone about with a breathless feeling. Things must be just the same. Jimmy must feel that nothing had changed.

Jimmy had written: "Seems only yesterday that I walked through the house wishing the old familiar things 'adios.' And it's great knowing that I'll see them shortly. Here's another fiver, Mom."

There was always a "fiver" in each letter. It seemed incredible that he could have that much left to send her, after her allotment each month. She was supposed to buy material for a dress, or something for the house with those fivers. But she hadn't. Everyone of them had gone into stamps, into bonds for Jimmy when he returned to Boone. It was amazing how much pleasure it gave her

to see the stamp books grow into bonds and how little a lone woman needed.

Martha Nichols was an expert tailor, and it hadn't been difficult to find work in the alteration departments of the stores in Boone. None of them required a full-time alteration woman, so she worked for three of them, doing her work at home part of the time, and using her own machine.

At church on Sunday she paused by the side of the minister where he stood on the sunlit steps shaking hands with his congregation. "Jimmy's coming home this week, Brother Conroy."

"Splendid, Mrs. Nichols. Tell the young rascal I'll be looking for him. Has he sent you any more of those post-cards?"

They both laughed. Jimmy's last card was a picture of a monkey with a circle around its head and sprawling letters stating: "This is your son in his newest habitat." The one she had brought to show him before that was a giraffe with this comment: "I used to think my neck was long, look at my present competition!" That was Jimmy. Always making a joke out of something. You could laugh, yes, you had to laugh, although there was a catch in your throat as you looked at the scribbled words.

The seven-thirty Missouri Pacific Eagle streamlined into town always on the dot. Most of the kids Jimmy had grown up with, and who were still in

The train screeched to a stop and the wild clatter of drums and bugles and brass beat upon the air in sudden familiarity. "Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here!"



Illustrator

CARL SETTERBERG

Boone, knew that he was to be on the train tonight. They had gotten together the remnants of the high-school band, and were going to greet him royally.

At two o'clock the day before Mrs. Nichols had received a wire. It was extravagantly long. "Dear Mom"—imagine putting "dear mom," in a wire! "Dear Mom. Am bringing someone home with me. Someone you will love, as she will love you. I want my two girls to know each other. We were married yesterday morning. I wanted to wait for Brother Conroy, but our time is so short. Love from your children, Jimmy and Beth."

Martha Nichols had not slept much last night. Today the house fairly sparkled, yet it seemed to her that if she had spent the last fiver for paint for the kitchen woodwork, it would have been well invested.

Jimmy was married, Beth. That was Elizabeth Chapel. His mother got out Jimmy's letters from San Francisco; when the S.S. *Liberator* had been in for repairs six months ago, he had written: "I met a dream last night. Mom, you would like her very much. She's old fashioned, yet strictly streamlined, if you know what I mean! She's you and grandmom and Suzanne and all the nicest girls I've ever known. She's blue-eyed, (like gentians, Mom, with long, fringed black lashes) and hair the color of fresh honey—real honey, real color, Mom. None of that cheap bleach-job stuff for my girl. Her complexion is cream and peach, like those little tea-roses out east of the house. She's sort of little and cunning, but she can lift a grown man and change the sheets under him without hurting him."

So she was a nurse.

They had gone roller-skating one night, and walking in the park on Sunday, and Beth had asked him to dinner in the tiny little apartment she shared with another graduate nurse.

And Jimmy, who had been at Pearl Harbor on the S.S. *Oklahoma*, then sent out to scout the Pacific on a cruiser, almost broke down and wept at sight of the apartment. It was Missouri transplanted to California, via an old-fashioned rocker, rag rugs, white-curtained windows, spool bed with a wedding ring quilt on it, and strawberry shortcake for dessert.

Beth had said afterwards to Mary. "I keep thinking about him, Mary."

"You would! You have a maternal nature, little one."



But Beth was remembering the way his reddish-brown hair waved backwards over his well-shaped head, the open-faced look he had, the square jaw with its determined slant, his eagerness over everything, and his smile. You'd love him for his smile alone, she thought wistfully. But you'd love him for more than that, because he was more than that.

"Just like Mom's shortcake," broke in Mary's voice, mimicking their recent guest.

"I think it was a grand compliment," defended Beth.

"Well—" dubiously, "he talked a lot about his Mom, you remember."

"Yes, like I talk a lot about you when I go home to see the folks. I guess the person you live with is uppermost in your thoughts, Mary. She's all he's had since high-school days. And she's kept a home for him. Jimmy said last night that his mother would have it a lot easier if she'd just room and board somewhere, and he knows she's keeping the house just for him."

"You've gone over deep, haven't you, Beth?" Mary asked, putting her arms about her.

"Well, I'm still swimming along, but the current's pretty strong. Oh, Mary, I can't bear for him to go on duty again!" The words were spoken before she knew it. But there they were, already said. Her face white, her eyes wet.

"When is he sailing?"

"He doesn't tell me things like that, Mary," she said proudly. "But one day I won't hear from him, and then I'll know."

She had loved him from the first. And that was amazing, for he was covered with black oil from a tanker, when they brought him into the hospital, unconscious. He was desperately ill after the surface burns were taken care of. She had never seen anyone rise and sink, rise and sink with such constancy as Jimmy. There was something which kept pulling him back. His mother's prayers, maybe, she thought. And maybe Brother Conroy's and that girl, Suzanne, next door, back in the little town of Boone.

In the month that Jimmy remained in the hospital, they knew they were in love. It was in Jimmy's eyes, every time she poked the cereal spoon toward his mouth, before he could use his bandaged arms.

But she had to find out about Suzanne first. "That girl, Suzanne, whom you spoke of in your delirium, Jimmy."

"Oh, that girl!" he answered airily. Just as if he'd never been in love with her at all. Just as if her marrying the engineer hadn't been the real reason for his leaving Boone in the first place. (He was ashamed to remember that the second consideration was that we might



soon be at war.) Because he couldn't forget the girl next door as long as he lived next door. Although sailing away on the S.S. *Oklahoma* had helped, it certainly hadn't cured him. Nothing had even touched that ailment, until he opened his eyes to Beth Chapel. She was like a gentle sedative at first.

And his realization of forgetting Suzanne had been a shock. It was like being crippled for years, and when struggling to your feet in an emergency—you found you could walk again. It was exhilarating to discover that he could think of Suzanne now as just the kid he'd walked to school with, and roller skated with and helped string up crepe-paper decoration for church suppers, and helped with a thousand and one other little things. Why, she was more like a sister. And that was the way it should be. It no longer hurt to think that she was married. It hurt only that he knew that she must be very lonely without her husband, who was helping lay the groundwork for a certain invasion.

So then he told Beth about Suzanne. Just a little. But she read the rest of it in his eyes. He had loved her very much, but he had not loved her like he loved Beth.

Before he went out again on the cruiser, Jimmy and she had one last evening together. "I'll be back before long,

Beth. Will you wait?"

"I'll wait for you, Jimmy. No matter how long." There was nothing coy about Beth. She was his kind of girl.

Her parents lived in a small apartment in a large eastern city, and she had always wanted a home like Jimmy's.

Part of this had come home to Jimmy's mother through a long letter, written the last day of his sick leave in San Francisco. He had ended it, too, with almost the same words he had written to Beth. "I'll be home soon. And this won't be sick leave." Because the battered ship he was on when wounded was in a secret harbor for repairs, long and complicated repairs, which would take months to complete.

"You'll love Mom, Beth," Jimmy had said for the sixth time in the train on their way home. "She's never had a daughter, you know."

And Beth felt a glow wash over her, just thinking about this wonderful mother of Jimmy's. Anyone would be wonderful who had reared a son like Jimmy. But Beth was scared, too. She had never known a real home. A woman like Jim's mother would expect his wife to be a homemaker in the strictest sense of the word, and she had tried desperately to achieve that in the tiny apartment she shared with Mary in San Francisco.

Jimmy had such a sensitive feeling for the permanency of things. "Nothing will

be changed, Beth. It's the same little old lazy river town which I was born in, with not even one store's face lifted. I've been away two years now, but I could get off the train blindfolded and go on home without missing a single step."

As the *Eagle* neared Boone, Jimmy pointed out familiar scenes of his boyhood. "Look at the river trestle, Honey. Now, look back at the curve and see the caboose coming along. That's almost a hairpin turn, worthy of Colorado. See that strip of woods over there? Our high-school Hobo Day picnic is always spent there. I fell in the swimmin' hole with a spankin' clean linen suit on one day when the grapevine swing broke. Mom just pinned me on the clothesline for the rest of the day."

"Traveling orders, please," said the M.P. brusksly, cutting in on Jimmy's reminiscing.

"Boone! Boone! Don' fo'get yo' bundles and pa'cels!"

Confusion, gaiety, expectations, and throbbing heart. Will Mom like me? Will she be disappointed in me, and will she be angry because we got married before we told her? What would it be like if it were I waiting for my son's wife to come home with him when he could only stay a few short days? Wouldn't I resent her? Oh, Dear Mom, don't resent me. Let it be the same as always with

(Continued on page 66)



What a child hears by way of the ear he may forget; what he learns through his eye he remembers all through life.

What's Good for Children

By DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

THE affairs of the public library in our Vermont town are conducted democratically by a citizens' committee or board of directors. For so small a town, the board is a sizable one, with more than twenty members, chosen to represent as many as possible of all the kinds of people in Arlington—young, old, school-teachers, housewives, accountants, clergymen, Roman Catholics, Protestants, those of no church, retired professors, the local doctor, the married and the unmarried, factory workers, farmers. You could scarcely find a group of more typical Americans. Naturally there are lively discussions at our monthly meetings about what books to buy, and on how to interest high-school students in more worthwhile reading. The opinions of such a diverse board vary a good deal. We all enjoy the animated exchange of ideas, giving and taking heartily as we discuss the book world. On the whole, we agree very well. Almost always at the end of the meeting, when everybody has had his say and listened to the other fellow's say, and the vote is taken, we are all satisfied with the result.

But our last meeting broke up in a wild babel in which everybody talked at once, and at the top of his voice, and no vote was taken, because nobody would have known which way he wanted to vote. It was amusing—or would have been, if any of us could have stayed his own spate of words enough to listen to what the others were saying—to perceive that each of us was arguing, not against someone else's expressed ideas,

but against his own. We cried out a "yes" opinion, volubly giving the reasons for it, and instantly cancelled it out with a "no," as heatedly given; veering again to a hearty "yes" supported by the strongest possible arguments.

Perhaps you can guess what book had come up for discussion? It was the new "Picture Stories from the Bible," issued by the discoverer of "Superman" and publisher of a large group of comic magazines.

Here are some of the facts about this new phenomenon in books, as they come within the limited firsthand experience of our group of American country people and villagers.

First of all came the two facts: (1) that all our town's children (no exceptions, to my knowledge) eagerly followed the Superman colored picture series, (2) that many of the parents disapproved of them. Why? Well, it seemed to be the same instinctive, emotional recoil which our grandmothers had felt about nice young girls riding bicycles and about starched trained nurses taking care of sick children instead of the children's own mothers doing so.

The reasons the parents gave for their active dislike to seeing the Superman colored strips in the hands of their children ran like this: (1) The pictures were poorly drawn, the colors were garish, the quality of the paper was poor, the whole thing had no "artistic distinction." (But nobody had objected to the flat, insipid, feebly done illustrations in many, many of the other books being read by their children.)

(2) The adventures of Superman were preposterously improbable, unnatural, incredible—the children's brains would be addled, they would not be able to distinguish between reality and these wildly imagined, often too-exciting doings. (But everybody provided fairy stories for the children—one of the first purchases of every public library, no matter how small its public, was, proverbially, a volume of the old folk fantasy stories, from Jack-and-the-Beanstalk to Little Red Riding Hood. Was there ever anything more preposterously unnatural than a stalk which grew up from a bean till it touched the sky, and stood so strong a little boy could climb up it? And what could be more blood-curdling than a man-eating giant, growling out his fe-fi-fu-fom and only barely missing the little boy and crunching him to death? And how about the wolf who eats the bedridden old grandmother, and craftily gets into her bed to await the helpless little girl innocently approaching those terrible fangs? We had, every one of us, been brought up on these stories, had told them to our children, had seen to it that they were in our public libraries. Yet our brains were not addled, and our children, although listening wide-eyed, never had any notion that a bean which they might plant would, overnight, grow up to touch the skies.)

(3) Well, parents fell back on hating those "horrid balloon things which come out of the mouths of the speakers." What they did, of course, was to attach



Youth loves action—and the pictures in "Picture Stories from the Bible" give them action in the Old Testament stories that sends them back to read and reread their Bibles.

the words visibly to the speakers, instead of with some of the stock phrases: "Said Henry," or "Mamie's mother told her" or "Susan exclaimed." We were familiar on the printed page with these indications as to who was doing the talking at any given moment. We were not familiar with the balloon device—although our great-grandfathers knew it very well, as it was constantly used in eighteenth-century cartoons, entirely acceptable to our ancestors.

(4) Superman himself, with his ability to do impossible things, become invisible, leap safely down from the eleventh story, etc., etc., was objectionable. It was "silly" to pretend that such things could happen (how about the "cap of darkness" and the dragon slaying in the Nibelungenlied, so fancied by Richard Wagner?). It would make the children

think they could safely leap from the eleventh floor.

While parents were thus objecting to Superman for being different from older folk and fairy tales, American children were solidly massed against all the opposition marshalled by the older generation. Anybody would have thought that



MONTGOMERY MULFORD
Mr. Mulford writes the script of the "Stories." He is the father of two boys, a Sunday school teaching veteran, and author of "Biblical Lessons Monthly" for church schools.



DON CAMERON
Mr. Cameron, "Stories" artist, is 29, worked once for Walt Disney, then for Henry Kaiser (yes, building ships). He teaches Sunday school, and genuinely loves teen-age boys.

the elders, in possession of the power, the money, the libraries, could simply have shut off their boys and girls from this new phenomenon which they found so distasteful. But they could not! The children simply flowed over and around any barriers that could be raised, and—all but a very few, especially docile—they avidly followed the adventures first of "Superman" and then of "Wonder Woman," and their dozens of other comic heroes!

And then, here is where our rural Library Board encountered head-on, the new book phenomenon. The same publishing technique was used to illustrate the narratives of the Old Testament, and now at this moment an edition of the New Testament is being prepared. The steadily simmering older generation's feeling about those colored pictures promptly rose to the liveliest, bubbling, boiling-over of feeling, for the Bible is—(no matter what despairing defeatists say is the moral apathy of the modern world) a very livewire to us all.

And this is the point at which I had better, perhaps, put in some of the facts about all this, not known to the members of local public library boards, or to the ordinary parent, who has no connection with the publishing world. I will just set the information down, as it comes, feeling pretty sure that no careful arrangement is necessary to keep it "interesting."

I take some figures from the dignified, scholarly magazine, *American Scholar*. They are in an article written by a Ph. D. and LL. B. from Harvard, a member of the Massachusetts bar, the author of eight books, and a lecturer in psychology in some of our finest universities: William Moulton Marston. He certainly ought to know how to get accurate figures. He reported that eighteen million "comics" magazines are sold on the newsstands every month. (Latest available figures indicate a monthly sale of over 25,000,000.—Ed.) This means probably seventy million readers every month. One billion, five-hundred-million copies of four- or five-panel comic strips are circulated every week in the daily newspapers. Out of 2,300 sizable daily newspapers, only two—the *New York Times* and the *Christian Science Monitor*—do not have "comics." Forty million children read comic strips every Sunday. There are professional radio story-strip readers who reach young listeners to an incalculable number. So much for the amazing proportions of this modern phenomenon.

Now as to those colored "Picture Stories from the Bible." The man who originated them and originated the comic magazine, got his education in a Pennsylvania normal college, and was for a time after he graduated, principal of a Pennsylvania school. In other words, he was "conditioned" as an educator by training and experience. He had lived with and led children, he had studied pedagogy and educational psychology, and knew something about the history of the "picture story." For narrative told by a series of pictures, rather than words, goes back to the dawn of human consciousness, infinitely earlier in time than verbally told stories. Lively specimens of picture-strip narratives have been unearthed by excavations in ruins dating back more than three thousand years before Christ. As the learned Harvard Ph. D. tells us, "The recrea-

tional appeal of picture drama has *always* existed." What is new about the colored story pictures of today is that modern skill in printing makes it possible to reach with them a vastly larger proportion of the human race.

So when M. C. Gaines, the ex-school principal and the pioneer of the comic magazine, conceived the idea of putting the stories of the Bible into a series of colored pictures, he was inventing nothing new—to put it mildly! He was proposing to familiarize American children with the Bible, using a technique by which it had proved possible to arouse and hold the attention of children to an amazing degree. That he realized the importance of his undertaking, and the moral responsibility involved, is shown by the editorial board of advisors selected from leading churches and religious organizations, whom he asked to help him, before he began the effort.

All this organization did not happen overnight. Nor easily. The idea of using the colored-picture series for illustrating the Bible, when it was first presented to church organizations threw them into just the same sort of astonished confusion and uncertainty which I have described to you as that of our library board in the village of Arlington, Vermont. They debated the question heatedly, not so much with each other, as each one with himself. The lines of argument ran with those educational and religious leaders about as with our ordinary citizens. There could be no doubt that children, in overwhelming numbers had shown that they would eagerly follow stories shown in this new way. There was also no doubt that modern children were growing up ignorant of the Bible. All the evidence proved this.

Army chaplains and others in touch with the soldiers in our nation's army in the 1914-1918 war reported in consternation that those fine, upstanding, literate young citizens were religiously illiterate, had not even a speaking acquaintance with the great lore, the great personalities, the great narratives of the Old and New Testament. Such a personage as Noah was quite unknown to the younger generation. The life and teachings of Jesus Christ were a closed book to all but a minority, who had had the good fortune to be most carefully brought up. The churches had tried all kinds of techniques to prevent this mass ignorance of the basic facts of the Old and New Testaments, but figures showed that Sunday schools were attended by fewer children, and still fewer young people in their teens, and that the length of attendance, even for those who were touched by this opportunity for religious instruction, grew shorter and shorter.

Those two facts, undisputed, seemed plainly to fit together. But the church organizations took a long time to put them together. They, themselves, the

adults, greatly disliked the quality of the modern colored pictures. There was something very offensive (to *them*) in presenting the Prophet Ezekiel in the same colors and with the same kind of drawing as those used in presenting the fantastic figures of modern colored strips. And as to showing Abraham with a balloon coming out of his mouth as he prepared to sacrifice Isaac—no, no, NO! That they could not endure. Why could they not? Because it was unbearable to them.

The representatives of these church organizations were earnest, morally responsible men and women. They clearly saw the situation in which they were putting themselves, or rather in which, entirely against their will, circumstances were putting them, circumstances which seemed to make them face a hard choice, of having large numbers of American children know little or nothing of the Bible stories on which our Western society is based, or else learn about them in a form which was distasteful to the older generation. They fought hard to evade this issue. They pointed out with heat that the Bible has been fully illustrated already. Every episode in every story of it has been put into pictures by "real" artists, they said, whose pictures are liked (by older people). "If the children must have Bible pictures, why can't they be made to look at those?"

To this question, coming from deeply troubled hearts, there was no answer, save the facts and figures which showed that modern children could not be induced to look at them in anything like the numbers necessary to keep the stories of the Bible where they had always been in earlier time, in the consciousness of the younger generation. Those "nice" pictures were much more suitable, dignified, aesthetically decent—for older people. But if immense numbers of children were growing up who had not been reached by them, perhaps it was because such pictures could not reach them.

But—here was an idea—perhaps modern children were really set against religious stories. Perhaps they wanted *only* those Superman and Wonder Woman type of fables. It might be that they would turn away from Bible stories even in this modern form. Yes, that might well be. Who could tell?

So it was tried out experimentally. Mr. Gaines persuaded the *Sunday Herald* of Bridgeport, Connecticut, with a circulation of close to a hundred thousand throughout that state, to insert (as part of the regular comic-section of that newspaper for nine weeks) episodes from the Old Testament put into colored pictures of the modern kind, balloons, and all.

This was done to test the reaction of the reading public. Not a single letter of criticism was received. Then it was decided to rearrange, re-edit and publish

these first nine episodes from the Old Testament as a magazine—first of its kind, sold on newsstands and in chain stores for a dime!

One hundred thousand copies of this first issue were printed; Montgomery Mulford did the editorial work, Don Cameron the drawings. The books met with such favorable response that two hundred thousand more were distributed. In all, over a million copies of the first four issues of this magazine devoted to Old Testament stories were sold!

Serious, morally responsible people were staggered. Were they justified because of the personal dislike for balloons, and all the rest, in holding shut a door through which—everything seemed to show—American children could stream through to an acquaintance with the Bible so astonishingly fuller than anything that had been possible to give them before?

The answer, of course, lies in the fact that thousands of churches and preachers of every denomination have ordered these individual issues of "Picture Stories from the Bible" for use in their Sunday schools, as well as the Complete Old Testament Edition. All those episodes from the Old Testament have now been combined in a handsome 232-page book.

Here in our own small community, to come back to a firsthand personal experience, the clergyman of our church—a highly educated, cultivated man, who has lived abroad for years, who has a wide background of cosmopolitan experience—was asked to put one of those "Picture Stories" books in the church library. He put it on the shelves one afternoon. Before the day was over, a high-school boy, who had never shown any interest in such things, happened to come into the house, picked up the book, sank into a chair and never stirred till he had read it from cover to cover.

I had sent a copy to my two granddaughters aged ten and seven. The ten-year-old one wrote me the day after the book came into her hands, (grandparents, take notice—you know how seldom it is that a school child writes letters without being driven to it) an eager scrawl, which read, "We like it. It makes you feel as though those Bible things *had really happened*. Sister says it makes her want to go to Sunday school and find out some more about them."

The proof of the pudding is in the eating!

Meeting our minister in the post office, shortly after this, I said, "Now about those Picture Stories From The . . ."

He interrupted me, "It is the only book in our church library the children ask to be allowed to take home to read."

We faced each other, "silent in a wild surmise." "Well what do you . . .?" I began.

He answered steadfastly, "I'll never refuse to utilize a book of Bible stories which the children *want to read*."



Gaunt men, sickly children appeared on the roads.

Synopsis

Twenty-four-year-old, Canadian-born William Wanless, medical missionary and his bride, Mary, have come to India to a mission-station at Sangli, some miles inland from Bombay. In a year's time, he treats 7,000 and has a small dispensary. As he and Mary are inspecting a twelve-acre site at Miraj, where William hopes to build a hospital, the bubonic plague strikes. The Maharajah of Miraj appoints William Sanitary Inspector and Medical Officer of Miraj with full power to combat the plague. Conquering the natives' ignorance and superstition, William fights the epidemic to a successful finish. Later, news comes from America that William has been granted funds to build his planned hospital. The work begins. Now go on with the story.

THE desolate, twelve-acre site which had laid unwanted for centuries, now teemed with activity. A new, vital, constructive way of life found expression upon its rocky surface. Busy natives chipped away all day to make uniform the size of great, quarried rocks. Round and round went an aged ox, tied to a pivoted stick which stirred mortar in a round trough. Buckets on the heads of

women and boys conveyed this mortar to the foundation where slowly, but accurately, the hospital took shape.

"Looks to me as if that building is never going to be finished," fussed Victoria May and reached for more bandages to wind.

"Oh, it isn't that bad," answered Mary, trying to keep a cheerful note in her voice.

"It's been a solid year and a half. And that husband of yours is working himself to death!" She emphasized her statement by jabbing a pin into a coiled roll of bandage.

Mary sighed. William was not only his own architect and contractor, he was also head carpenter, head plumber and head painter. It was he who had made a survey for the foundations and ordered

stones from the quarry; he who had supervised the work and settled each petty and annoying problem that arose.

"William, where did you learn to do all this?" Her husband's knowledge of building was a complete surprise to Mary.

"Well," he paused a moment, then answered. "I used to help my father. He was a good contractor and carpenter. And when I worked in his hardware store I learned about tools and types of construction. But I guess the thing that helps me most is the fact that the Lord *wants* a hospital built here."

First the children's ward. A simple, attractive bungalow encircled with wide verandahs and lovingly shadowed by hastily planted hibiscus, palms, tiny acacia trees and vines which would blos-

LANCET of the Lord

[PART FOUR]

By Lillian E. Wanless



FROM HIS OWN MEAGER STORE, WILLIAM DISTRIBUTED A HANDFUL OF RICE TO EACH FAMINE-STICKEN VILLAGER.

som later with red and yellow flowers. "Elizabeth Wanless Memorial." The words stood out in large letters over the doorway.

"I can't believe it's finished," said Mary to William as they stood in the yard and looked at the newly completed ward.

"We'll have no formal dedication service for this building," William had said upon the completion of the Elizabeth Wanless Memorial ward. "It seems more fitting that its dedication should consist of simply opening the doors and gathering in the sick children."

As the last child patient was tucked into the last of twelve tiny cots, Victoria May arrived to see the filled ward, and for the first time since her arrival in India, Mary saw the older woman's eyes fill with tears.

Neat as little brown-headed pins carefully slipped into individual pin cushions, were the children. The clean, white, airy room lined on each side by well-spaced cots, the cloud-white sheets and the flower-red blankets gave a feeling not only of cleanliness, but of warmth and well-being.

Into Victoria May's mind flashed a memory of countless native children much like these, but wallowing in dirt, neglected or subject to mystifying incantations of superstitious holy men. Babies left on the roadside to die; little girls thrust into lonely forests; sick, suf-

fering children whose bodies were beaten fiendishly to relieve them of devils and evil spirits.

As work on the main hospital building slowly progressed, another bungalow was started. This was to be William and Mary's home. As soon as it offered sufficient shelter, the young couple took leave of the Sangli missionary compound and took up residence in the new building.

Finally, the hospital was completed. As it stood straight and firm, anchored securely upon the rocky land, Mary wondered: "Could it be that this place, built in His name and for His service, is part of a cornerstone for His Kingdom on earth?"

She didn't broach the idea to William, knowing that he would be much too humble to seriously consider such an idea.

WHILE MIRAJ teemed with activity, an evil, destructive force slowly gathered its formidable strength and prepared to crush western India; a force which was to offer discouragement and a burning challenge to the doctor who dared bring new ideas to a country whose beliefs were as static as its centuries-old temples.

William's alert and attentive ears caught the reports. He had been aware of the long period of hot sun, and the lack of rain. He had watched the native

farmers with their primitive wooden handplows attempting to break through the unyielding, baked soil. He had watched them prostrate themselves before the elephant-headed god, Ganesha, begging, praying for rain.

And now on the roads appeared a few straggling wanderers; gaunt men, quiet, suffering women, feeble, dying aged, and sickly children. It was the children who caused Mary's heart to cry out. William had found such a one on the road, deserted by friends and family, lying weakly waiting for death.

MARY WATCHED the calm, confident face of her husband as he went about his never-ending work in the immaculate new hospital. How could he be so completely unconcerned about this terrible famine which was coming upon them?

"William," she said, "what are you going to do about the famine?"

The doctor stopped unpacking precious bottles of chaulmoogra oil, used in the treatment of leprosy, long enough to gaze curiously at the small, indignant figure before him.

"Why, Mary," he answered, "that's an odd question."

"Odd?" Mary echoed, and William noticed her nervousness and uneasiness, "do you call it odd that I should trouble you as to whether or not the village is



eyes, in spite of her anger, Mary felt the mystical charmed rapture of a bride. She and William were to share a wonderful adventure. A growing sense of frustration and drabness fell from the expectant mother and with the quickness of an Indian dawn, she felt herself clothed in radiance.

A SHOCKING terror abruptly descended upon the village of Miraj. Although crops were dying and food supplies were low, violence had so far been absent from the village. But with the coming of a hot May morning, fear of famine struck. During the night grim, hungry men had stolen into the home of a wealthy merchant. When morning came, the murdered bodies of the merchant, his wife, son and servant lay in grisly heaps while his store of wheat and rice were gone.

The villagers trembled. Those who "had," locked their doors, kept night sentinels beside their homes; while those who "had not" roamed the streets and brooded on their dying crops. And still no rain.

"Doctor-sahib, food . . . food!" More stood in the courtyard every day. William's impulse was to give. But of what lasting value could that be in the face of endless starvation?

"Lord God," the perspiration dropped from William's forehead as he prayed. "Show me Thy way. There must be an answer somewhere—somehow!"

Because the crops died the farmers had no money, and because the farmers had no money the artisans could sell no wares. Brassmakers, pottery makers, weavers, jewelers, letter writers, sandal makers, all were hungry, for there was no rain.

Rama brought the news to Mary. "They leave," he said, and pointed to the dusty road leading from Miraj. A pitiful stream of hungry villagers, who had heard a rumor of work and food in far-off Bombay, straggled past the hospital. Mary could be silent no longer.

"William!" she cried. Her husband, coming from the busy operating room after a delicate spinal operation, looked tired and worn. Mary took him onto a side verandah, facing the highway, and pointed to the hungry group leaving Miraj. "They'll only die." She was trembling. "They'll never get food anywhere else."

William looked at the villagers. There was the friendly farmer who had given him a sack of grain when the native's only son was snatched from death by the doctor; a patient grandfather who had brought toys for the children's ward; a woman, heavy with coming life, laboring slowly behind her small, already hungry family. These were his people. They were hungry. And death would claim them on a hostile highway.

There was only a moment's hesitation, then William strode toward the road, his white surgeon's gown spreading like the

wings of a huge bird.

"Wait!" His voice was commanding. The stragglers paused, stared at him with dull, hopeless eyes. As William looked into their pinched faces, all discretion went from him. Throwing out his arms in a great, wide gesture he shouted at the top of his lungs. "Food! Food! FOOD!"

Heavy-lidded eyes snapped open. Hunger-weary bodies quivered. For the briefest second they paused, as if unwilling to trust their very ears. And then pandemonium. With a mighty shout, the starving surged into the compound; red, blue, white, green, pink and orange garments fluttered about thin forms while fierce, eager faces massed in a heterogeneous formation to reach the building.

Quicker than the rat-flea that carried the dreadful plague, the good news of available food spread into the village. Food at the hospital. Women grabbed up naked children, merchants dashed from deserted bazaar stalls, ancient grandfathers climbed upon the strong backs of grandsons and all joined the throngs pressing toward the hospital of the miracle-working Doctor-sahib.

"Bring grain from the storehouse!" ordered William to native servants who soon staggered back under great sacks of rice.

"A handful to each," William instructed two brown servants, each standing over a bag of rice. With a roar the crowd surged forward. "Stand in line! In line!" called out the doctor, and after a hectic moment or two started the queue past the grain sacks.

As the final grateful native departed down the village road toward home, William looked at the empty sacks, then at his helpers, all so tired their eyes rolled foolishly in their heads. As they gazed at one another, their full plight struck them. They had just given away their last sack of rice in the face of an oncoming famine.

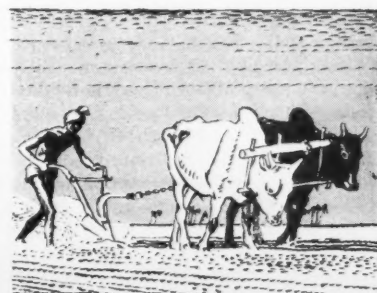
The starkness of the situation became apparent in the light of early morning. As the dawn came, villagers filed into

(Continued on page 60)



Illustrator

HERBERT STOOPS



going to starve to death?"

William, who seemed to move in a cloud of disinfectant these days, approached his wife with concern. "Mary," his voice was gently chiding, "where is your faith?"

"I'm tired of waiting!" she cried. "We can't just stand and do nothing!"

"William." If she could only stop crying. She must tell him now. Right now. "William!" The urgency in her voice caused him no little alarm. He bent down, stared into her face. "Yes, Mary?" There was anxiety in his voice now, and somehow it was gratifying to Mary. Now she could tell him.

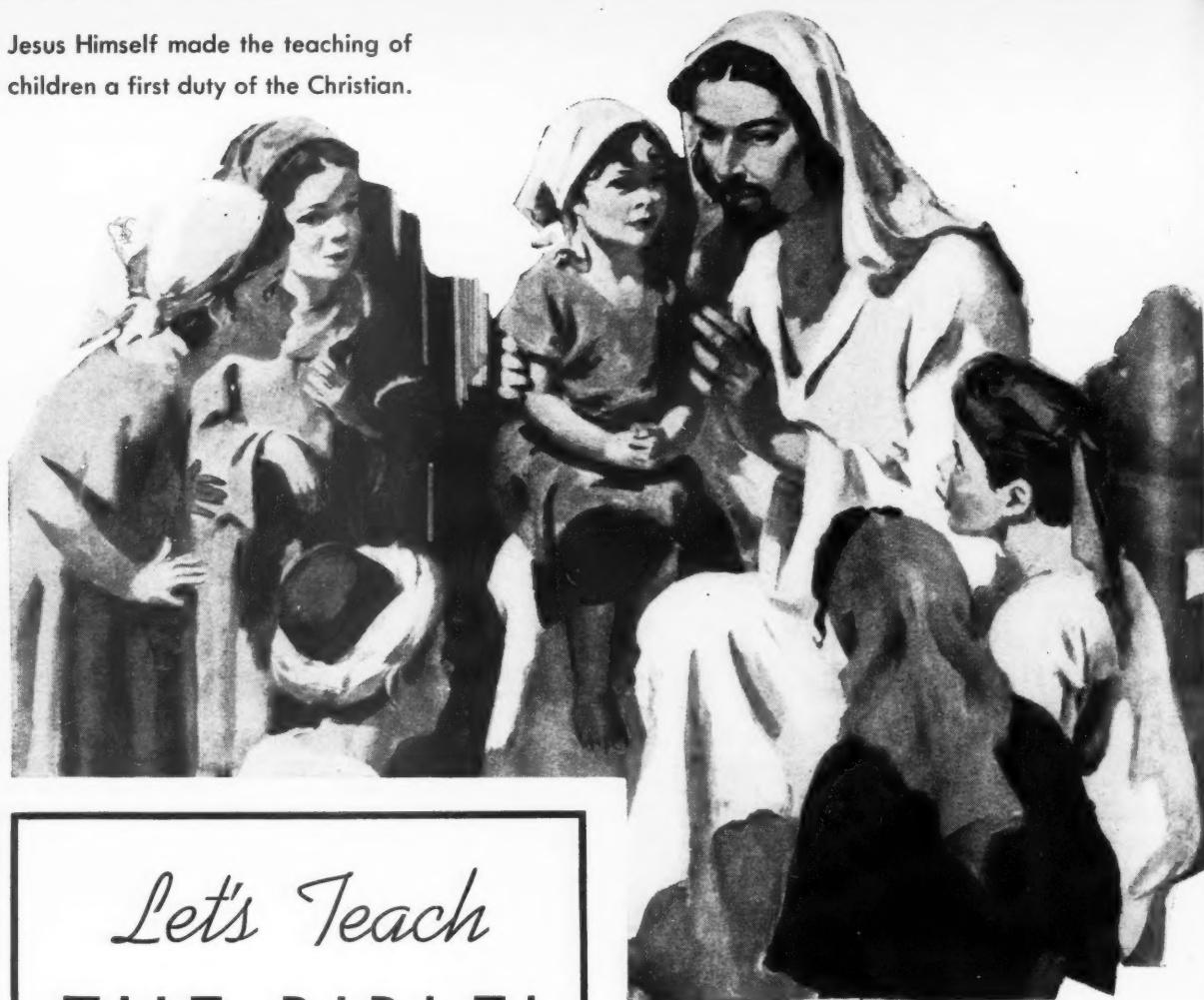
"William . . ." She looked into his face, tried to hold back her tears. "I think, I believe,—Oh, William, I *know* we're going to have a baby!" And she broke into loud sobs.

William's hands gripped her shoulders. "We're . . ." He caught his breath. He felt as if he were being lifted off his feet with sheer joy. "Mary! This is no time to cry!" He could have shouted.

She stared up at him hotly. "Why? Why isn't it?" Angry flames in her eyes dried up the tears. "I'm going to have a baby and you're going to let us all starve to death!" There, now she'd told him everything.

A smile touched William's lips, a smile as gentle as the glow of an earthen lamp. As she looked into her husband's adoring

Jesus Himself made the teaching of children a first duty of the Christian.



Let's Teach **THE BIBLE!**

BY ROSS L. HOLMAN

A FEW years ago I took charge of a class of 12-year-olds. Generally speaking, these children had been coming to Bible school since their cradle-roll days, and I undertook to learn how much Bible they had absorbed in the process. One boy thought Noah was a New Testament character. Another one believed King Saul and Saul of Tarsus to be the same person and that he preached missionary sermons and slew Philistines. Another one had never heard of Adam, and another didn't know that Christ was the Son of God.

This incredible ignorance of Bible facts isn't the problem of any individual Sunday school. I have found it in every one of the many Bible schools in which I have taught from the country church to the big downtown institution of the most cultured city families. This sad state of affairs is due largely to the teacher situation, though part of it is chargeable to the school literature, and

part of it to the general confusion into which our whole Sunday school system is drifting. I wish I could speak of this condition in gentler terms, but I can't think of more soothing words to describe the apathy and irresponsibility that seem to have crept into the average Bible school. You can't eliminate difficulties by soft-pedaling them. You've got to recognize them for what they are if you are to overcome them.

Society seems to attach far more importance to its public-school teachers than to those who teach the Bible and spiritual living. It gives its public-school teacher four years of training in a teachers' college and then allows him five hours a day, five days a week, to get your child ready for life. It gives the Sunday-school class to anyone who will take it, and allows him forty-five minutes a week to get the child ready for eternity!

Now don't get me wrong. Our church

school system, as inefficient as it is, has bred some magnificent teachers. Some of our greatest statesmen and business leaders credit much of their success to a Bible-school teacher who gave them the impulse to be somebody. For the most part, these exceptional teachers are men and women who, from a sense of Christian duty, give their time and talents unselfishly, and pour their souls into the work. But they are so few and far between that the average Sunday school is lucky to possess even one on its whole staff. Under our system of promotion, the child in that school gets the use of that good teacher for one year and then he is likely to pass into another year of teaching incompetence and indifference.

Take the typical church school. Considering the vital importance of the work, it is astounding how few members, including parents, take the job of teaching with the seriousness it deserves. What

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an efficient or an inefficient teacher can do to your child in the Church school hour can make all the difference in the world as to whether he becomes a really fine character or a bitter disappointment to his parents.

The superintendent isn't always to blame. He has to make the best use of the material available. Sometimes he persuades a person against his (or her) will to take charge of a class because he can find no one to do it willingly. I have frequently seen church members accept the responsibility of teaching with a resentful feeling that they are being imposed upon. Are you willing for your child to develop his Christian ideals under such a teacher? If not, why not do something about it?

Other teachers accept the work with the indifferent idea of trying anything once—about as they would experiment with a new diversion to pass their leisure time. On the other extreme is the teacher who can't teach, but doesn't know it. The Sunday school management hates to ask him to resign and he hangs on like grim death until his pupils quit.

With this kind of general condition, the turnover of teachers is terrific. I have seen the same classes change teachers several times in a summer, with every class among young people's groups changing at least twice.

Take the average child who is the victim of all this indifference. He comes to the class and meets a teacher who may not even learn his name. The teacher's mind has been pre-occupied all the week with something else, and he doesn't even remember until Sunday morning that he has a class lesson to prepare. So he tries to interest the youngsters by talking to them about baseball, fishing or the latest movie. In fact, he is so unprepared to meet his pupils that he doesn't even do *that* job well.

To make matters worse, the child is frequently given a quarterly written by a writer afflicted with the same inefficiency as the one who is supposed to teach it. The quarterly lessons themselves talk about everything from flying a kite to studies in the life of the goldfish. It is hard to understand why a quarterly like that is called "Bible school literature"—unless it is because there is no Bible in it! Put that kind of quarterly and that kind of teacher together and you have a combination that no child ought to be asked to endure.

Sometimes the child, if he is lucky, gets a teacher who really enjoys his work and feels the responsibility of his position. He takes a personal interest in each boy and girl and he is so full of his task

he has no trouble gripping their attention from start to finish. He may carry this love of his work beyond the class period, make a personal visit to each pupil's home, write him an occasional letter, or show him how badly he misses him when he is absent. Will a child respond to such interest? Ask me another.

But the tragic part of it is that under our system of promotion, the child, after enjoying the interest of such a teacher for a year, may enter another class in which the teaching is a flop. He again becomes a guinea pig for a wide variety of teachers and teaching conditions. He again hears baseball and movies instead of the Bible and Christian living. He comes to his class every third or fourth



Since the War

I have become acquainted with strange places:
The whole wide world becomes my next of kin.
I find myself a traveler through far spaces
Where I shall never be, have never been.

Now England has become a gentle mother,
And Holland is a sister, newly found,
While Poland, once a stranger, is my brother,
And China, one to whom my soul is bound.

Far Russia is a father for protection,
Who once had seemed austere, remote, apart.
The islands of the sea hold my affection,
Like near ones cherished warmly in the heart.

The earth becomes so small, so closed together,
It matters not beneath what flags unfurled—
My relatives and I will stand together,
To pray and fight for this—a better world!

—Grace Noll Crowell



Sunday and finds the teacher has failed to show up without notifying either class or superintendent. And then the parents, who are inexcusably ignorant of what it is all about, wonder why their Johnny or Beatrice has lost all interest in Bible school!

One thing that has complicated the situation is the mania for "new methods". In many of our district Sunday-school conventions and workers' meetings there seems to be an almost pathological desire for new and fantastic teaching stunts to try out on the boys and girls back home. Some of these gatherings become "experience meetings," and if a teacher can't tell of some new experiment he has worked on his class, he feels embarrassed. Many of the new and inexperienced teachers who attend

such gatherings go back home and add to the general confusion by trying to apply the dreamy ideas to which they have listened and, because they usually don't work, they become discouraged.

There is nothing wrong with a new idea merely because it is new. If it is an improvement on old methods—fine! In fact, teaching old-fashioned Bible and common sense Christian living would of itself be new to many Sunday schools. But when the craze for something different gets so completely out of hand that tried-and-tested methods are scrapped for some crackpot idea, the situation becomes ridiculous.

At a monthly workers' conference of a church school in which I taught, an outside speaker from one of the big religious publishing houses was on hand to tell the teachers how to teach. In order to make the right kind of impression she felt that she had to follow the general pattern of suggesting new stunts instead of emphasizing old methods that had proved their value. Her idea of teaching six-year-olds was to use the class hour taking the youngsters out in the churchyard and showing them how to make a flower bed. And on top of that, here she was recommending it to teachers in a city church surrounded by cement pavement!

I attended another teachers' meeting in which the visiting speaker was a teacher who taught great Bible truths by allowing the children to cut out paper dolls.

One excuse for many of these ideas is to give lively youngsters something to do during the Bible-school hour, to keep them interested. Many present-day teachers and workers seem obsessed with the idea that the Bible is too deep and ancient a subject for children below high-school age to appreciate. They think that in order to get their attention they have to tie their interest into the every day things with

which they are surrounded. It is really a confession on the part of the teacher that he is not resourceful enough to make the Bible interesting. The Bible is full of stories that the average youngster will eat up if properly told.

Some time ago I took charge of a class of 12-year-olds. Its attendance had dropped from twelve to three. I called on the errant youngsters at their homes, wrote them personal letters, talked with their parents, and in about two months had the enrollment back to its former number. They had been given some of the conventional quarterlies, but had carried the books home and forgotten where they had left them. I soon learned that they knew next to nothing about the Bible.

(Continued on page 54)



Gunner

By Francis C. Stifler

STANLEY TEFFT, gunner on a Navy Torpedo plane in the South Pacific, has a story that rivals the story of Eddie Rickenbacker. Shot out of the air by Japanese anti-aircraft last June 16, he drifted with two companions for two and a half days before they sighted land; the drifting was complicated by the fact that Tefft and his mates were riddled with shrapnel. They made a landing, hid themselves in the jungle, and were joined next day by four more American airmen.

"For eighty-eight days," Tefft tells us, "we shook and shivered and hid from the Japanese, who were patrolling the island. We fought hard just to stay alive; the only thing that brought us through and kept us alive was faith—and there's quite a story behind that faith.

"You see, we found some natives on that island; one of them, known as John, spoke pretty good English. He had been taught to speak English by a missionary who had come his way some years before. I will never forget the first night we spent with the natives, in the glow of a campfire. We were getting sicker and sicker by the hour, and they did all they could to help us. The first thing John did was to hand us a Bible. He'd gotten it from the missionary.

"The natives knew some of the old Gospel hymns; we sang them together. No, I should say they *taught* us to sing them. Would you believe it, we Americans were taught our own Gospel hymns by a lot of natives on a Pacific island!

"We settled down to a routine. The little food we had was terrible. In all those eighty-eight days, we had meat just once; or was it chicken? For months my legs were swollen from lack of protein. What really kept us alive was the evening prayer-meetings. I wish you could have seen them! We sang the old hymns and read the Bible.

"It was no elaborate church service.



STANLEY TEFFT, PLANE GUNNER

In fact, there wasn't any "order of service" at all. We'd talk a little, about religion. And we discovered that these natives didn't just handle their Bible, as they'd handle some unusual book in a strange language; they *lived* by that Bible. They were as gentle and thoughtful and clean-living as any church folks you ever saw.

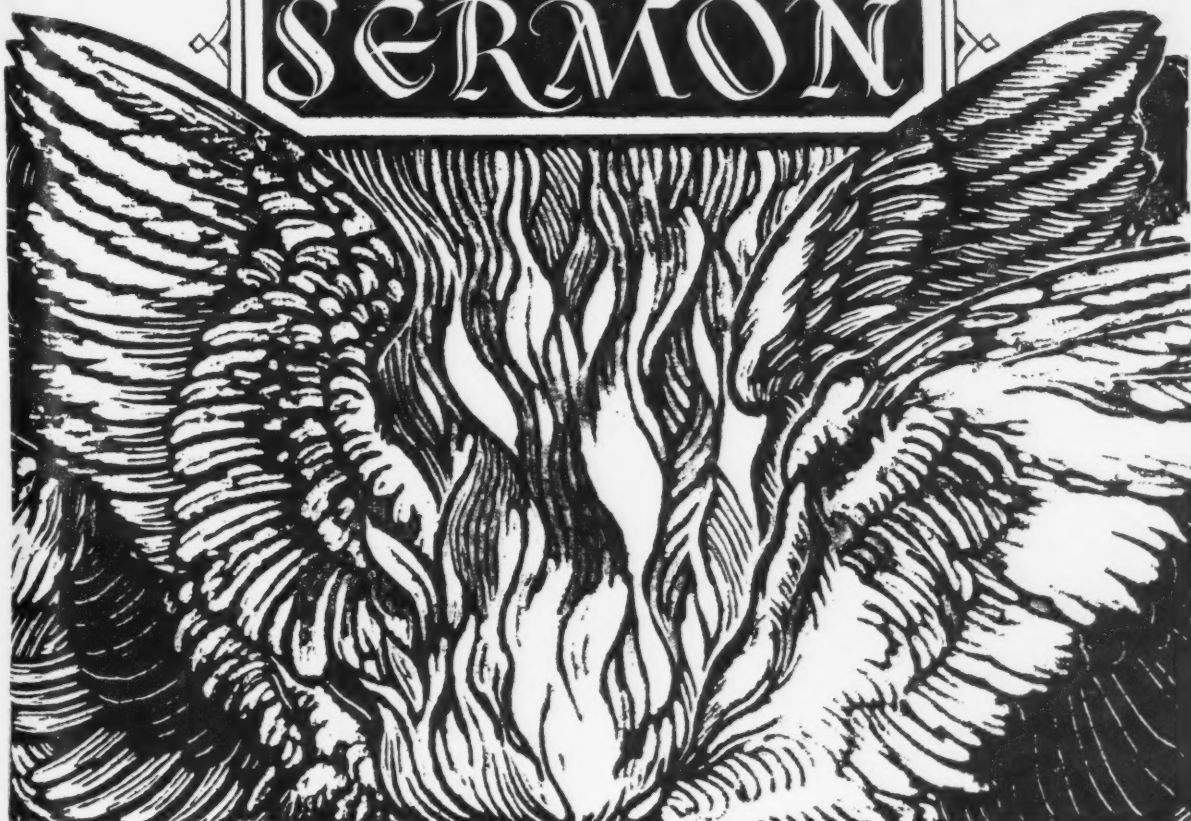
"As for me, I was a nominal Christian before I met them. You know the kind. I had been to Sunday school and church a bit, but I hadn't taken any of it very seriously. I believed in God, in a general sort of way. But it is all different now. Those informal prayer-meetings on a nameless island did something to me that will never be undone."

After nearly three months, they made their break: Tefft and three others dodged the sentries patrolling the beach and got to sea in a rubber raft. They drifted four days before they were picked up, flown to Guadalcanal and California. Tefft is thankful for the rescue; he seems still more thankful for John and the Christian natives and their wonderful prayer-meetings.

"Think of it," he marvels. "It took the native converts of an unknown foreign missionary to bring seven fellows from a so-called Christian land back to Christ. Is that what they mean by 'cast your bread upon the waters. . . .?'"

That must be what they mean!

SERMON



THE SPIRIT MAY GAIN REBIRTH IN THE FIRE OF TRAVAIL

NINETEEN centuries ago a learned teacher named Nicodemus put the question: "How can a man be born when he is old?"

Man differs from all other living beings in his deliberate desire to change himself. So far as we can tell, other animals do not mirror themselves in their thoughts. They may strut and pout and assume attitudes that look human, but there is no evidence that they are ever sorry for their vanity or have remorse for their passions. Man, however, is incurably self-conscious. He suffers remorse for what he has been and is disturbed by dreams of what he wants to be. "He looks before and after for what is not."

And yet man, who struggles so hard to make himself over, can change the lower creatures almost at will. The animals and plants now most serviceable to man have been tamed from wild types. Dogs are but reclaimed wolves and jackals. Grains, vegetables, fruits, and garden flowers are the cultivated offspring of wild forms. But when a man turns to change himself, he is not so successful. In fact, he has had such poor results in improving the human species, that many cynically say that human nature cannot

Second Nature

By
Ralph W. Sockman



be changed, that man, for instance, is a fighting animal, always has been and always will be, and therefore, wars are inevitable.

Can this human nature of ours be changed? Or as Nicodemus put it to our Lord on that Palestinian housetop centuries ago, "How can a man be born when he is old?"

First of all, let us say that a man can be born only through the pangs of birth. To be born of the flesh costs travail. Likewise we are born of the spirit only out of travail. We cannot change the

pattern of our lives, we cannot change the perversity of our sinful natures, unless we want to do it most desperately. And I wonder how many of us seriously want to change ourselves. Of course many of us desire to change the conditions of our living. We want the world made better. We want salvation for ourselves and our loved ones. But we can crave all this, and still not really desire to change our own lives. If we would be born again, the first thing to get clear is that it is ourselves and not our surroundings which we desire to change.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was one of the saddest spectacles in history. A man of brilliant mind, literary gifts and creative ability, he was for years in the grip of the opium habit. He once wrote to a friend that for ten years the anguish of his spirit had been inexpressible. He had prayed for deliverance with drops of agony on his brow. He said: "You bid me rouse myself. Better go and bid a man paralyzed in both arms to rub them together and it will cure him. I pray—to be able to pray." Now, if any person feels the grip of a habit like that, or suffers remorse for sins which he traces to himself, then he really wants to be changed.

But the trouble is that sinful habit

so often is felt by us as a groove rather than a grip. A grip is painful, but a groove is frequently just the opposite. It is pleasant to go along in a groove. The pain comes when we try to get out. Hence we slide along in the grooves of sin and become quite free from remorse. Byron in "The Prisoner of Chillon" describes the contentment of the man adjusted to his imprisoning condition:

*My very chains and I grew friends;
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are—even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh.*

Thus we can describe our adjustment to the groove of bad habit in the poetic language of a Byron. Or we can put it more simply in the naive prayer of a little boy who prayed thus: "O Lord, make me a better boy if you can; but if you can't, don't mind it too much, for I am getting along pretty well as is." Too many of us are not taking this matter of being born again too seriously, for we feel we are "getting along pretty well as is."

The question is, do we really want to be changed? To be born of the spirit requires the travail of struggling desire, the anguish of heartfelt longing. Out of such incubation comes conversion like that of Saul of Tarsus. Saul had been brooding over the new Christian sect which he felt to be undermining the faith of his fathers. But he was deeply troubled in his mind with the irrepressible feeling that maybe these Christians were right. He had seen Stephen stoned to death and he had beheld on the dying martyr's face a beatific smile. Whence came the faith of these Christians which could make them live so joyously and die so gaily? Saul tried to suppress these questionings, but on the Damascus Road his subconscious mind experienced a volcanic eruption and out of the depths of his soul a voice sounded saying, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? You cannot kick against the pricks." Unable to endure the inner conflict longer, Saul surrendered his rebellious reason and found "the peace of God which passeth all understanding."

Or turn to another historic conversation which came out of a moral conflict, in contrast with that of Saul's which was more of the mental type. Augustine was the child of a pagan father and a Christian mother. His father, a surly and volatile character, forbade his Christian wife, Monica, to train their son in the Christian faith. Nevertheless Augustine seems to have absorbed the rudiments of Christian teaching. He acquired a magical idea of prayer, but when it failed to secure his escape from a beating at school, he gave up belief in prayer. In his adolescent years he became a profligate and a sensualist. Then in Milan he came under the spell of the saintly Bishop Ambrose. One day in a garden, bowed down with contrition over his sensual sins, Augustine heard a voice prompting him repeatedly to "Take up

and read." He took it as a divine command to open the Apostles and read the first passage that fell under his eye. This is what he read from the thirteenth chapter of Romans: *Not in reveling and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and jealousy. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfill the lusts thereof.* The pressure of that passage on his heart and conscience delivered him from the body of his sinful state; and a new Augustine was born—born to grow into the great saint who was to shape the thinking of the Church for centuries.

With Paul it was a new birth out of a mental state; with Augustine it was

What Do You Know About YOUR BIBLE?

1. Who succeeded Herod the Great as ruler of Judea?
2. Name the two sons of Moses.
3. Who said, "Should such a man as I flee?"
4. How old was the lame man who met Peter at the Beautiful Gate?
5. What four tiny creatures are called "exceeding wise" in Proverbs?
6. How many singers were there in David's Temple choir?
7. What group of people in the New Testament suffered an oil shortage?
8. What Bible flower was more beautiful than a well-dressed king?
9. What Bible book was written for "the well beloved Gaius?"
10. Where do we find the words, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth?"

(Answers on page 71)

a new birth out of a moral hell, but in both the new birth came out of travail, longing, anguished desire. Do I hear someone say, "Yes, but I grew up in a godly home. I never experienced such a dramatic conversion. I never had a new birth, and I am not sure that I need it. Isn't it enough if I grow gradually from good to better?" Well, we have different temperaments. Personally I grew up in a Christian family. I cannot give a date to my conversion. But even we who think of our religious experience as a growth rather than as a sudden change, even we must beware lest we take the whole matter too easily and smoothly. Remember, there are growing pains as well as birth pangs. And if we have no times when our spirits are in travail, no times when we struggle to deliver ourselves from sinful habits and evil states of mind—then let us look out. The Christlike spirit has to pass somewhere through its wilderness of temptation and its agony of Gethsemane. And "woe to them that are at ease in Zion."

And now let us say a second thing. Not only do we enter into this new life through travail, but it is through effort that we must grow in this newness of life. And here I am going to adopt for our guidance the rules given by William James, America's premier psychologist of the last generation. Professor James laid these down as the rules for breaking a habit.

The first one is this: Launch yourself on the new course with as strong an initiative as possible. When Julius Caesar crossed the Rubicon to start his march on the Republic at Rome, he declared dramatically, "The die is cast." But he did more. He burned the pontoons behind him. He cut off the incentive for retreat. The failure to make a clearcut break with the old bad habits is a common cause of defeat. In Stevenson's familiar story of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," Dr. Jekyll was always smitten with remorse when he recovered from a debauch, but he never destroyed the vicious potion by which he could change himself into Mr. Hyde. That was his fatal error.

How strongly Jesus emphasized this principle of making a clean break. "No man," said our Lord, "having put his hand to the plow and looking back is fit for the Kingdom of God." And on another occasion he uttered his cryptic remark, "Remember Lot's wife." However you interpret the story of Lot's wife, the point of it is that she was looking longingly back to the place she was leaving instead of looking ahead to the place she was meant to go. Christ not only bids us break with the past; but he helps us to do it with his doctrine of divine forgiveness, which dispels the clouds of remorse in the light of God's love and puts our transgressions as far from us as the east is from the west. Yes, the first rule is, launch out from the state you are trying to leave with all the force and clearcut decisiveness at your command.

The second rule is this: Never suffer an exception to occur until the new habit is securely rooted in your life. In Jo Jefferson's play, "Rip Van Winkle," the tipsy Rip may not have kept count, but his nerve cells took note of it; and the next time his temptation came the cells added their appeal to the craving of his appetite, and he was by so much the weaker man. When we make an exception to the good resolution we have formed, it is like the dropping of a ball of twine which we have been winding. In that single fall, more twine is unwound than many turns will wind up.

How clearly Jesus stressed this truth. A man once started to follow Jesus, and then came asking that he might return home to bury his father. The Master replied, "Let the dead bury the dead." That was his sharp way of saying, "Beware of making exceptions to good resolutions."

(Continued on page 68)



"I had the feeling, as he talked, that nothing terrible could ever happen to him or his family."

WHAT DOES YOUR HOME REFLECT?

By
Laurel Keynan

The author is an interviewer of National Opinion Research, the famous public opinion organization of the University of Denver. She meets all classes, kinds and conditions of people—and what she says here of one particular kind should make your Christian heart skip a beat

IT WAS mid-afternoon. I had been interviewing all day on a survey of public opinion. I had been in all types of homes, from the luxury class to the most impoverished.

I knocked at one more door.

The instant it opened, I sensed something different about this home.

It was modestly furnished. A coal stove took up one side of the small front room. There were a couple of old-fashioned rockers, some braided rugs and flowers blooming in the windows. Outwardly, if you took the items of furniture separately, it might be any small four-room house. But there was Something different about this . . .

The big, downy chairs I had sank into in some of the other homes hadn't been as comfortable as the curved-back rock-

er I occupied here. Perhaps I was getting tired. I thought. That must be why I felt so refreshed—any chair would have seemed soft, after hours of walking.

The man whom I interviewed was gracious, sincere and friendly. His child was unusually well behaved. Why? Why did this home have an atmosphere so unlike any other I had entered? I kept trying to put my finger on it as I asked the questions of my survey.

The man's wife came in during the interview. She had been out to a store. She was a pleasant, wholesome person, you would say, but there was that inner brightness to her—that same Thing the man revealed and the child and the flowers in the window. Even the dog lying on the broad patch of sunlight on the rug seemed unlike other dogs.

Contentment! That was it. These

people were contented. "But," my mind reasoned, "how could they be? By worldly standards they have so little."

Getting the man's opinions on world affairs I could discern no trace of fear, no hatred or confusion. He thought straight and clearly toward a definite goal. He was a man who seemed to know just where he was going. I thought, "If it rains, he puts up his coat collar and if the sun shines he bears his head to its warmth with the same equanimity. If a bomb destroyed his home he would go quietly about the business of building a new one with the best material he could obtain. He would not spend his energies in bemoaning his fate or in reprisal against those who caused it. He would build again."

I had the feeling, as he talked, that nothing terrible could ever happen to him or his family. It was as though their lives blossomed in this world but their roots, deeply imbedded and secure, were in a more real world and it was from there they gained their strength.

I found excuses to stay longer than was necessary. I *had* to find out what these people had that so few others had.

Then, in answering a question, the man suddenly remarked, "I think that way because as I understand the Bible, that's how it will be. Of course," he smiled, "I'm not a Bible student, but everyone in this family reads the Bible every day and from the way I see it in God's light, that's how it will be."

That answered all his questions. And mine. "Everyone in this family reads the Bible every day." A matter-of-fact statement as though he had said, "Of course, we eat simple food three times a day and from it we gain our strength."

THAT was the Thing I felt in that home. Everything this family thought or did was influenced by their love of God, and by the laws they found in the Bible.

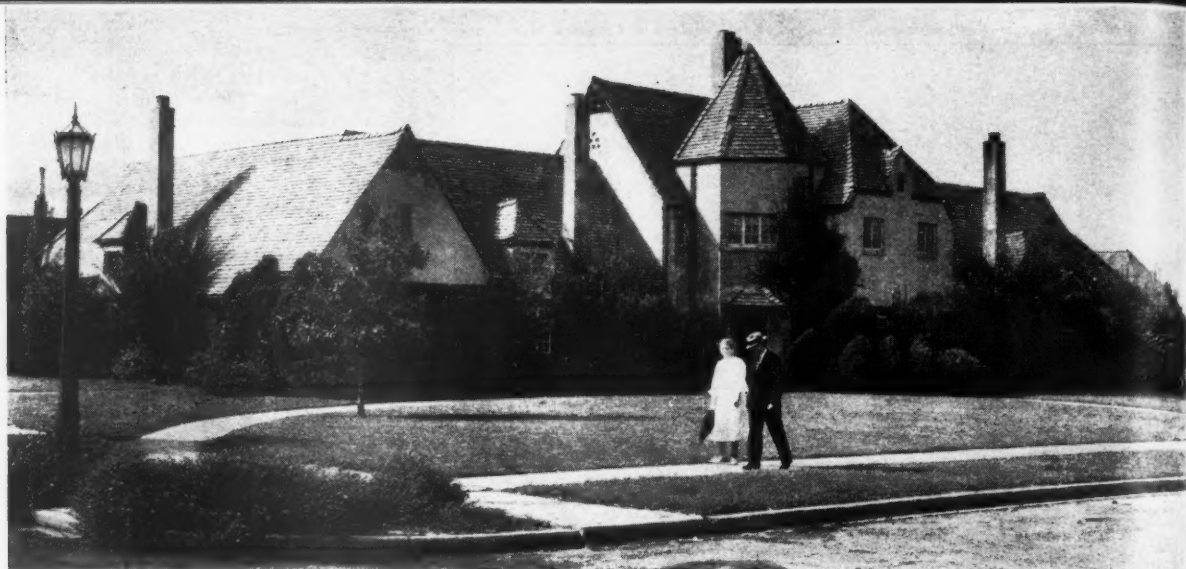
Out of the dozens of homes I had entered, (and all of them would have professed to be Christian homes, had they been asked) that home alone spoke for itself.

I wondered, "Does *my* home, *my* life speak for itself?"

It is a question all of us who profess to be Christians might well ask.

Is there that Something in our homes, and our lives, which is tangible—so real it can be felt by a stranger? Something so strong it makes others strong who contact it? So peaceful it makes others rested who have touched it?

I do not know what church the family attends but I do know they are Christians, in a sense too great to define by a single word. And that Thing that I felt reach out and enfold me, and which I carried away with me, is so simple it is apt to be overlooked in our daily living. It is seeing things in "God's light." Every question that was asked that family, every decision that had to be made, was "handed up to God first." Their answers and their lives reflected God's directions.



There is no suggestion whatever of the "institution" in this sixty acres of heaven. The houses are homes—and the loveliest, easy-to-live-in homes in America.

SIXTY ACRES OF HEAVEN



By

FRANK S. MEAD

MY GRANDFATHER was a preacher—a country preacher, who burned out the days of his years in a succession of tough rural churches not one of which paid him a "salary" of more than six hundred dollars a year. He might have made more, but he never wanted to. He used to stand at "Conference" and sing "I'll Go Where You Want Me To Go, Dear Lord," with a straight face; he meant it. He lived on that six hundred and the "donations" of his people and on his faith in the goodness of God and man through a ministry of sixty years. Only once did he ever ask a favor of his bishop: when his two sons were seventeen he asked to be sent to a town that had a real school.

He set the bells of heaven ringing in nobody knows how many human hearts and then one day he looked in the mirror and saw that his hair was white and that he was old and that he was through. He retired—on a munificent pension of three hundred dollars per year. When he died, Grandmother got a hundred and fifty per annum. If it hadn't been for the boys . . .

Unusual? Not at all. He wasn't unique, or underprivileged in all this. There are thousands—maybe tens of thousands—just like him in this country. I have yet to see a preacher go into hysterics over his income tax; I have yet to hear of an intelligent burglar breaking into a parsonage. Preachers are like that. Some folks say they are "just naturally improvident," but that isn't the answer.

Preachers are peculiar among men in that they deliberately cultivate the rare art of worrying about everybody but themselves. They lie awake nights worrying over a sick baby down the street, or a widow without even a \$150 pension, or a boy in trouble with the law. They raise money—and give their own money—for missions and hospitals and welfare chests and the Red Cross and The Home For Inebriates. They make just about enough to put the children through school and stay on fairly friendly terms with the butcher and the milkman; they never learn how to tie up their purse-strings. And they are haunted from the first day on their first charge with one persistent gnawing fear: the fear of the day when they must retire. They not only preach from the text, "Take no thought for the morrow"; they actually practice it.

The morrow brings something more than loss of income: their fellowship with kindred minds is abruptly cut off. What happens to a preacher when he quits? He loses his contacts with his fellow clergies; he moves out to "a little place in the country" where rent is cheap; the splendid cadence of his spiritual service is ended quickly. So many of them seem like men without a country, if you know

what we mean.

Now if there be any one corporate sin of which we in the Church need be ashamed, it is that we do this to the minister—that we take so much from him and give so little, that he gives without stint and we take without heed. We expect of him the strength of a Hercules, the patience of Job and the wisdom of the Almighty, and then when his hair is white we say blithely, "Sorry! Our church needs a younger man." Out he goes. Out—where?

It's a problem that has plagued the Church for generations, a question that seems to have no answer. But there is an answer. I have just seen it down in Florida. I spent a week sitting and talking and eating and laughing and worshipping and playing golf and enjoying life in general with the happiest crowd in the world. They were eighty retired Christian soldiers and their wives at the Memorial Home Community, near Jacksonville.

J. C. Penney built it, 25 years ago; in 1940 he turned the operation of it over to CHRISTIAN HERALD. He did that because he happened to be an old friend of CHRISTIAN HERALD, and he also happened to have a father and a grandfather and a great-grandfather who were preachers! His father was a courageous man, in his day; he actually believed in Sunday schools, in educating preachers and in paying them a regular salary. He advocated those revolutionary ideas in

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No preacher or layman ever found himself in a more worshipful sanctuary than Memorial Chapel. The Chapel serves not only the Community but the folks of the surrounding neighborhood.

"open meeting," and for that he was "excluded" from the Church! The son never quite forgot that, nor did he ever lose one jot or tittle of his deep affection for those preachers who paid so heavy a price for their convictions. When the chance came, he set aside sixty acres of his "Penney Farms" tract, to serve forever and a day as a home for the retired preacher and his lady.

Every brick in every building that he built there was put in place with the thought that it must be worthy to shelter the senior soldiers of the Lord. Somewhere I have heard that when we build our prisons, we lay every stone and set every bar in a spirit of malice and vengeance. Memorial Home Community was built with that idea working in reverse; every stone was laid in love and gratefulness. It wasn't charity, and it isn't charity now. It is a debt, a duty, an expression of gratitude to the men and women who have given everything that was in them in the fight for the Kingdom of God.

Mr. Penney and his architects built a young town that sparkles like a gem on black velvet. It is sixty acres of heaven.

This is Florida—where the sun shines all ways and where even the dust in the road looks happy. Flowers and green grass and trees and big billowing Honolulu clouds all year round; poinsettias and bougainvillea and magnolia and jasmine and flame vines. You go around with a light coat on the coldest day in the Florida winter, which is about like a nice crisp autumn day in New York. Over it hovers a peace that sings. Just twice in my life have I met such a peace. Once it was at the hostel of one Father Tepper, on the shores of Lake Galilee; now I have felt it again, at Memorial Home Community. The son of the excluded preacher gave them the houses, and those who came to live there have done "a heap o' livin'" in the houses to make them the loveliest Christian homes in America.

There is fun here. There is more good humor and downright fun to the square inch on those sixty acres than you're liable to find anywhere else in this world. I sat on a fence with two pulpit veterans (aged 72 and 88 respectively), just toasting in the sun. One of them had preached twice the Sunday before, and he had received "remuneration" to the

tune of two dollars per sermon. He didn't think that was quite enough, inasmuch as it took him all day to get there and back. His pal disagreed: "Humph. From what I've heard of your preaching, Tom, that's about all it's worth." The answer to that one was that the cynical one couldn't even get a chance to preach at two dollars per!

Someone suggested that we go over and have a look at the gardens. Now the gardens are all in a wire-enclosed patch over behind the toolhouse; it's a community affair. We stopped at the foot of one patch to talk with a man busy leaning on his hoe; I was startled when I heard his name. He was an ex-medical missionary with a reputation from Bombay to Khyber Pass as one of the best surgeons in India. (He showed me a scar, left on his skin by Dr. William



Every apartment has its open porch with its surrounding trees, green grass and flowers.

Wanless.) He raised peas and beans and cabbages, while he wasn't playing doctor to the Community. The patch next to his was getting a good going-over at the hand of the wife of an ex-Anti-Saloon League superintendent whose name is known by every Dry from Maine to Penney Farms; she thought *her* patch was far superior to the doctor's; she thought he must have been a better surgeon than he was a farmer. Another lady has a fig tree growing right in the middle of her cabbages. A man who had taught Greek to theological students most of his life complained that Florida weeds had long, long roots among his onions. Two loafers (not of the landed gentry, not possessed of any patch) sat on a log watching the gardeners spend their blood, toil, sweat and tears and opined openly that these people must be crazy to be working like this just for a mess of string beans, when they might just sit!

(Continued on page 64)



DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. ARCHER WALLACE

MAY, 1944

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

MAY 1 **AN EVERLASTING COVENANT**
READ ISAIAH 55

DURING recent years we have heard a great deal about covenant making and covenant breaking. It is a subject concerning which we shall know more before the present war-stricken world attains peace. At the outbreak of the first World War a belligerent leader repudiated the solemn pledges he had made and scornfully referred to them as "scraps of paper." Whatever pledges men make to each other, there is a solemn covenant into which God enters with his people: "Behold I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David."

Lord, Thou art the God of all grace and worthy of a greater love than we can bring to Thee or even understand. For Thy blessed Name's sake. Amen.

MAY 2 **MAN'S EXTREMITY;
GOD'S OPPORTUNITY**
READ PSALM 55:16-23

THERE is a striking story about a nurse vouched for by Dr. Sloane Coffin in his book, "What to Preach." The head of a training school for nurses was carrying an extremely heavy load due in part to an epidemic in the city where she lived and accentuated by a scarcity of help. She said to a subordinate: "I am at my wit's end; I cannot carry on another day, I shall either have to consult a specialist or—go to church." She had not been to a church for years but on Sunday morning she went and found peace for her distracted mind and troubled spirit. She returned to her difficult task a new creature.

Lord, to whom can we go but unto Thee for Thou hast the words of eternal life. Amen.

MAY 3 **REBUKING A MINISTER**
READ COLOSSIANS 4:1-6

A MINISTER preached one Sunday morning to his people on Paul's Epistle to the Colossians; the letter in which Paul gives practical counsel to wives and to husbands, to children and to parents, to servants and to masters. It is an impressive treatise on family religion. But one man in the congregation wrote a letter of protest and rebuke: "We don't go to church," he said, "to hear talks on morality, we go to hear the gospel." The minister said that if Paul considered these things worth discussing, he, the minister, thought they had their place today and we think he is right.

Lighten our darkness, O Lord, and by Thy mercy defend us from all perils of the day and of the night. Amen.

MAY 4 **WHAT A DISCUSSION
REVEALED**
READ 2 CORINTHIANS 3:1-6

A WORKINGMEN'S discussion group had a lively debate on the subject, "Why don't more workingmen attend church?" Much was said that was harsh, and in many cases untrue, but one who was present said the substance of the answers was that they did not consider that those who attended church were much better—if any—than those who did not. However we may regard that attitude, the whole discussion reveals that Christian believers are living epistles known and read of all men; the only epistles some people read.

Lord, give us willing hearts to bear the burdens of others and believing hearts to cast our burdens upon Thee. For Thy Name's sake. Amen.

MAY 5 **HALF-TRUTHS**
READ EZEKIEL 18:1-9

THERE have been proverbs since the beginning of time; some are true, others are half-truths. The Jewish exiles in Babylon felt that the calamities which had befallen their nation were due, in a large measure, to the sins of their ancestors. They contended that their fathers had eaten sour grapes and so their own teeth were set on edge. The prophet Ezekiel answered them in this chapter. He does not deny the sins of the parents, but he adds, men are not punished for the sins of others. God, who is altogether wise and good, understands all that there is to know; both advantages and handicaps.

Lord, without making excuses for them or seeking to cover them over, we confess our sins and trust alone in Thy great mercy. Amen.

MAY 6 **FINDING GOD
IN MIDDLE LIFE**
READ ACTS 4:14-22

THIS man who was so miraculously healed was over forty years old when the miracle took place. Great stress is being put today on the importance of child life and that is as it should be; we are all in favor of it. But let us not forget that the grace of God can do wonders with older people also. We often hear it said that it isn't natural for people along in years to change their habits of thought and conduct; perhaps not, but our religion is supernatural.

Lord, we pray that the life we live in the flesh may be the glory of the life of Christ in us. Amen.

MAY 7 **EXUBERANT
SPIRITUAL HEALTH**
READ EPHESIANS 6:10-20

HERE is sound advice we read recently: "The only sure defense against ill contagion is exuberant health. It is the man who is rundown who becomes a victim of the pestilence." No doubt that is true; poor health invites disease. These words are even truer when applied to spiritual health. A healthy, vigorous spiritual life is the surest safeguard against temptation and sin. In the abundant life there is moral security. It was a confident Paul who exclaimed: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." These are the words of a man sure of inner spiritual resources.

Lord, we ask that we may have an abundant life in Christ; that we may know the fullness of Thy blessed spirit.

MAY 8 **DISTASTE FOR
SPIRITUAL THINGS**
READ HOSEA 4:16-19

WHEN we are physically unwell even the best food will often taste sour and unpalatable. We know that the food has not changed—the change is in us. This is the figure of speech that Hosea used when speaking of those whose lives had become spiritually unhealthy and unclean: "Their drink is sour." The late Dr. J. H. Jowett said: "The first result of indwelling sin is a weariness and distaste for the things of God. When sin enters a man's head, spiritual appetite departs—he sours on the things of God." Let us beware of the ultra-critical spirit.

Lord, Thou knowest all things, our sins, our weakness and our ignorance, yet Thou knowest that we love Thee. Amen.

MAY 9 **THE PURSUIT
OF HAPPINESS**
READ ECCLESIASTES 5:10-17

AN OBSERVANT man who has been a Christian minister for half a century, put some thoughts down in a book lately. We shall let them speak for themselves: "One of the happiest people I ever met was a woman who lived in a garret, and made a frugal living by washing and ironing. She was a cripple in body but a giant in soul and supremely happy. One of the most unhappy persons we ever knew was the wife of a millionaire; a woman who

(Continued on page 47)

If your child were starving . . .

How would you feel toward anyone who
could help—but did nothing?

Children of our Friends in Europe are Starving!

WON'T YOU WRITE ONE LETTER TODAY URGING THAT FOOD BE SENT AT ONCE?

The Germans eat.

But the children of our friends in Europe are starving.

We could feed these children without cost to ourselves . . . without interfering with our war effort . . . without aiding the enemy.

Sending food to the children now would shorten the war by giving courage and strength to our friends who fight hard against the enemy and whose help we shall need in reconstruction days ahead.

How can we hope to reconstruct democracy if the children of those who believe in it die or grow up weak in mind and body?

Why Do We Wait?

Food is available in South America, Africa, elsewhere. There would be no expense to the American taxpayer—Norway, Belgium, Holland, France have their own funds.

Neutral ships which cannot be used in the war effort are ready.

The International Red Cross is ready to supervise distribution.

The U. S. Senate has passed unanimously the Taft-Gillette resolution urging that food be sent at once to the children of Nazi-dominated freedom-loving peoples of Europe.

American public opinion, British leaders, the Governments of the occupied countries repeatedly have urged food for these starving children.

Action by President Roosevelt is needed now.

We hope—and pray—that every reader will urge the President to act . . . to start food on its way at once. Won't YOU write today?—and help save the lives of starving children.

Do You Know That—

1. For two years, ending in the fall of 1942, we fed 100,000 children of France in child-feeding centers. The Germans never touched our food.

2. Close supervision prevented the Germans from profiting even indirectly. Furthermore, the Germans did not reduce the ration cards of the children helped.

3. Our State Department and the Ministry of Economic Warfare in London agree that the Germans do not take any of the 20,200 tons of food distributed in Greece every month by the Swedish Commission and International Red Cross.

Temporary Council on Food for Europe's Children

70 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y.

HOWARD E. KERSHNER, Chairman

Executive Vice-President, International Commission for Assistance of Child Refugees; Director of Relief in Europe, 1939-1942; American Friends Service Committee.

Among the host of sponsors of this appeal are:

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If you would like to see this and similar appeals appear all over America, cut out the coupon below and mail it with your contribution

Make checks payable to: Hon. Dave Hennen Morris, Treasurer,
Temporary Council on Food for Europe's Children,
Room 1041, 70 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y.

Here is my contribution of \$..... toward the cost of an advertising campaign for the saving of Europe's children. It is understood that all funds received will be used for this purpose.

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Accounts will be audited by Independent Public Accountants.

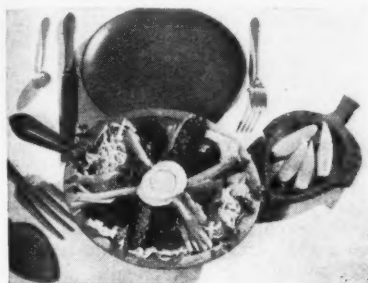
CH

least for the male portion of the population. Whether the eggs are cooked "sunny side up," or turned over, or whether they have the yolk whole or broken, they are still fried eggs.

Eggs fried by the American method should perhaps be called sauteed eggs, but the term fried eggs has come to mean eggs that have been broken into a skillet containing a little fat and cooked over an open flame, either covered or uncovered. When cooked uncovered, the fat is dipped up over the eggs to help cook the top. If the skillet is covered, the top of the eggs is steam-cooked.

Putting two or three tablespoonfuls of water into the skillet when the eggs have begun to set gives them a glossy, tempting appearance.

Frying eggs on a griddle that has been rubbed lightly with a bit of bacon or ham trimming avoids enveloping them with the thin fatty film which is the basis of



Eggs add protein to a vegetable meal.
Courtesy California Fruit Growers Exchange.

most objections to fried foods. This film, however, gives the eggs a pleasing flavor, and if the fat has not been scorched, it is not objectionable.

BACON AND EGGS

Put slices of bacon into a cold skillet. Heat gradually, cooking bacon at moderate temperature. When crisp, drain excess fat from skillet, break in the eggs and cook slowly. If sunny, bright yolks are preferred, leave skillet uncovered. Baste the eggs occasionally with a little of the fat. For shiny eggs, add 2 teaspoons boiling water as soon as the eggs have begun to set.

THE ART OF THE OMELET

Beat the eggs, unseparated, with a fork, adding one tablespoonful each of cream and of water for each egg. Into a heavy frying pan with a large surface, put plenty of butter and let it get sizzling hot. Then pour in the eggs and turn down the flame a little so as to have it "medium high." Immediately start shaking the pan back and forth, and roll the omelet as soon as the edge is firm and while it is still wet. The inside of the omelet cooks while it is being removed from the frying pan.

The type of frying pan is important. It must have a large surface so that the

(Continued on page 55)

"Tied down," this Mother finds an interesting War Job

A story told to KATE SMITH
by Mrs. Esther Carter of Royal Oak, Mich.

"TIED DOWN at home with small children," writes Mrs. Carter, "I had been fretting, wishing I could help in our country's war activities.

"My husband is a foreman in a war plant and one night I made some Calumet cup cakes for his lunch box. He gave one away and soon the whole department gathered round. One man said he was sure those cup cakes would float in the air!

"So now I have a job, making cup cakes for those hard-working, hungry men... and I'm so happy..."



"I KNOW just how you feel, Mrs. Carter," Kate writes. "Cheering up our workers and fighters gives me a glow, too.

"There's more than one way to make 'Food Fight for Freedom.' We can do it, not only by saving food, but by using it to lift morale.

"And I know that all your cup cakes have been real morale-lifters—you can always depend on Calumet's Double-Action for that same delicious lightness.

"Would you like a new sandwich bread for your husband's lunch box? Here's the recipe..."

DATE NUT SANDWICH LOAF

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
2½ teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
¾ teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons sugar
½ cup chopped dates

½ cup chopped nut meats
2 teaspoons grated orange rind
1 egg, beaten until thick and fluffy
1 cup milk

● Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, and sugar, and sift again. Add dates, nuts, and orange rind, and mix carefully. Add egg and milk; stir until

blended. Turn into greased loaf pan, 8x4x3 inches. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 1 hour and 20 minutes, or until done. Store overnight before slicing.

(All measurements are level.)



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The Double-Acting Baking Powder

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS

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How better can you make sure of income and at the same time aid our world-wide fight for Righteousness? You achieve life-long Security and banish worry when you put your money in

A SALVATION ARMY INCOME GIFT CONTRACT

You get regular income payments up to 8%—depending on age. You save worry, legal expenses and enjoy tax reduction features. You act as your own executor, have the satisfaction of knowing exactly what will become of your money—helping to care for human needs and win souls through our world-wide organization.

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Territorial Secretary, Extension Dept. CH-54
719 North State St., Chicago, Illinois

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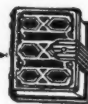
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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL UNIFORM LESSONS

By Amos John Traver



MAY
7

PAUL CROSSES INTO EUROPE

READ: ACTS 16:13-15;
PHILIPPIANS 3:7-14

HEADLINE NEWS: "Christianity Wins First Convert in Europe." Yes, it is headline news, for the whole character of Western civilization was changed through the evangelistic fervor of this man Paul. But what a humble beginning! "A Ladies' aid meeting by the river," Dr. Halford E. Luccock calls it. The first member of the Philippian church a saleslady from Thyra-tira! Paul was true to his Master and despised no one. Did not Jesus win a city in Samaria by way of a heart-to-heart talk with a woman drawing water at a well? A missionary knows no grades in valuation on immortal souls. India was opened to Christ by the winning of out-castes. Class in society, race and color, age and sex—the blood is the same and the soul need is the same. The conversion of Lydia was the first step on the way to winning an empire for Christ.

Philippi was Paul's first European parish. His stay was cut short by persecution, but was long enough to establish a church. And what a church! Paul's letter to this church is the only one of his many letters that carries no word of censure. He knows their loyalty and rejoices. He also knows their sufferings and seeks to comfort and encourage them. He speaks from his own experience. He had known ambition. No doubt his pride in his reputation as a defender of the faith had much to do with his persecution of the Christians, even after the sight of Stephen dying had raised doubts in his mind. Saul, the popular young Pharisee, had something to give up if he was to become Paul, the apostle. From the day Jesus met him on the Damascus road, self was pushed out of the center of his life. Now he writes to tell this to his friends at Philippi: "What things were gain to me, these I have counted loss for Christ." No matter what these dear people lose for Christ—family, friends, property, business, reputation, health, even life itself—let them count it gain!

"THE FELLOWSHIP of His sufferings," what a beautiful and comforting message for the persecuted Philippians!

*Never a trial that He is not there,
Never a burden that He doth not bear,
Never a sorrow that He doth not share,
Moment by moment, I'm under His care.*

Mary Whittle's hymn expresses the heart

of Paul as he assures the sufferers that they do not need to suffer alone. "Hold tight to my hand and I can take it," said the wounded soldier to the chaplain in a first-aid station. The warm, encouraging handclasp of Christ is in the reach of every believing soul. When we realize His presence, sufferings only draw us the closer to Him.

"Press on," was Paul's battle cry. The secret of his boundless energy was his vision of a world to win. There was passion about his love for Christ and passion about his search for converts. His goal was "The whole wide world for Jesus." Every person he met had importance in this picture. The greatness of the goal did not blind him to the need for patient, person by person evangelization. A friend cannot sit down with a stranger in a day-coach without, sooner or later, turning the conversation to Christ. When will we all see world evangelization in the terms of personal contacts?

Questions:

Is Paul's passion for souls present in your church? In your Sunday-school class? What would Paul say to the church that is not growing?

The late Dr. J. H. Jowett suggested "a repudiation service" at least once each year when we would renounce all the things we do that keep us from being our best for Christ. Discuss the things we should repudiate.

What do you think of Lydia's hospitality? Is there enough in our Christian homes today? What are the possibilities in Christian hospitality?

MAY
14

PAUL IN THESSALONICA

READ: ACTS 17:1-4;
1 THESSALONIANS 2:1-12

ON TO THESSALONICA, the modern Salonica, another step on the way to world conquest for Christ! What a driving force was back of this man Paul! You cannot understand him unless you understand what he meant when he said, "For me to live is Christ." To win the world it was necessary to establish churches in the great centers of traffic, in great cities like Philippi and Thessalonica. It was dangerous business to preach Christ in a synagogue, but it would win some converts and it would give wide publicity to his cause. No hedging in the vague terms of philosophy, "This Jesus whom I proclaim unto you, is the Christ." Three weeks of this was all the Jews could take of Paul, so he changed headquarters to the house of Jason and widened his ministry to add to his Jewish converts

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"of the Greeks a great multitude and of the chief women, not a few." The highest tribute to Paul's strategy came from his enemies, rioting about Jason's house and crying, "These that have turned the world upside down have come hither too." (Acts 17:6) Such honor is too seldom offered our modern churches!

Paul knew his Bible. He knew it before he became a Christian, but now it glowed with new meaning. Finding Christ in the Scriptures made them live. If these little groups of converts were to live and grow, the source of life was in Christ, but the witness to Christ was in Scripture. When a church neglects Bible study it begins to die. Seminaries, today, are realizing that they have too often yielded to the temptation to introduce so many useful courses, that their graduates have not learned to use their Bibles adequately. There is an Oriental fable of the thief who decided not to bother with little things in a man's house but to steal the house. He was brought before the judge and proceeded to defend himself. "Ask the man how many steps there are in the front stairs." His accuser could not tell, and the thief told the right number. "Ask the man how many panes of glass there are in the windows." Again he could not tell, while the thief knew. So the thief was awarded the house. We know much about our Bibles, Paul *knew* his Bible. It is not our Bible until we know it well enough to find Christ in the very center of it.

"NONE OF SELF" was the spirit of Paul. Yet there will always be those who impute mercenary motives to the promoter of religion. Moody and Sankey were charged with making a million dollars out of their hymnal. Just to avoid any taint of commercialism, they had provided that all the profits—over a million—should be given away. Paul, too, was wise in making public in this, his earliest epistle, his defense against such false charges. How tenderly he had cared for these new-made Christians, like a nurse with her charges, or like a father with his own children. Let any pastor care for his flock in that Christ-like spirit, and he need fear no gossip, however malicious. If the Church would be above critical attack, let it show a like absorbing purpose to win the world for Christ.

Questions:

What characteristics of the missionary spirit of Paul are lacking in our churches today? Should there be long-time planning now for post-war missionary advance?

"Rejoice . . . pray . . . give thanks"—what do you think of this as a platform for a growing church? Which of the three is most lacking? By what methods can we induce our people to practice them?

"To the end that ye should walk worthily of God." Can we place this test on every class session, on every church service and on every program planned by the church?

MAY
21

PAUL IN CORINTH

READ: ACTS 18:1-4; 1 CORINTHIANS 13

HARD GOING for Paul since he set foot
PAGE 45 • CHRISTIAN HERALD MAY 1944

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in Europe in the name of his King. After Thessalonica came a brief stay at Berea where "they searched the Scriptures." Today Berea is honored by many a namesake Bible class. Then Athens, where they received Paul courteously as a philosopher, but coldly as a missionary. No results worth recording among the Athenian intelligentsia. Then Corinth, "the Vanity Fair of the Empire," a large order for a discouraged apostle. Yes, Paul seems to have lost for a time his boundless energy for Christ and contented himself with arguing on the Sabbath in the synagogue, while he supported himself in a tentmaking partnership with two refugees, Aquila and his wife, Priscilla.

But you cannot keep a man like Paul discouraged. Silas and Timothy came with encouraging word from the persecuted Christians at Thessalonica and a timely gift came from his friends at Philippi. The old missionary zest returned and he soon made an end of reasoning with the Jews. He proclaimed Christ with such authority that he was no longer welcome in the synagogue and turned his attention to the Gentiles. He opened new headquarters in the home of Titus Justus, a convert who lived close to the synagogue. And among the Jews who went with him was Crispus, the head of the synagogue. And the little band grew with the conversion of many Gentiles. God Himself came to Paul in a vision to lift him out of his discouragement, saying: "I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to harm thee, for I have much people in this city." (Acts 18:10) "How little did the wealthy, worldly, pleasure-loving, idol-worshipping people of Corinth suspect their city would find its most enduring fame through the patient, difficult, inconspicuous work of Paul!" Perhaps some of our great American cities will be remembered too for the work of a modern Paul.

"CHARITY," what crimes have been committed in the name of charity! Can this word be reclaimed? Yes, if we will remember that where love is absent there is no charity. Think of charity in the terms of this beautiful prose poem, 1 Corinthians 13. What a strange setting for such a gem. Paul had been giving the Corinthians a merited scolding. They had been quarreling over the importance of spiritual gifts. Some argued heatedly for prophecy, others for the mysterious gift of tongues. Debate over religion are such pure waste! Paul meets their contentions with patient logic and then, as if the whole matter was distasteful, he bursts into a song of praise for charity, the basic spiritual gift. When the religious argument is eloquently won, if love has fled, it is an empty victory. Apply that principle to all religious controversy.

Where charity rules, self-seeking dies. Every man and movement must face this test, "seeketh not her own." Christian charity is childlike, not childish, and the difference is immeasurable. God forgive us for our childish impatience, our petulance, our dullness of understanding, our unfounded prejudices and all that saps our sympathy for others. Was not Paul thinking of Christ as he wrote? This chapter is personified in Him who "never faileth." "He is a good man but he would never remind you of Christ," is a damning commentary on a neighbor's life. There

is no good that is not Christlike, that is charitable, in the meaning of Paul.

Questions:

Paul worked at his trade as a tentmaker. Do we draw any general conclusion from this as to present-day pastors? Or was this an emergency plan of support due to his status as a pioneer missionary?

If love "seeketh not her own" what criticism do you have for love in modern literature and on screen and stage?

Define the "now" and "then" in 1 Corinthians 13:12. What has love to do with this prospect of seeing "face to face"?

MAY
28

PAUL ENCOURAGES THE CORINTHIANS

READ: 2 CORINTHIANS 4:5, 16-18;
5:1, 5-8, 14-19

"YOUR SERVANT for Jesus' sake," that was Paul's answer to the challenge of his enemies as to his apostleship. Not having been among the original twelve, Paul was constantly open to this criticism. We misunderstand Paul if we think of him as the writer of theological treatises, something apart from life. He wrote out of experience. He often wrote of himself because he knew himself to be the laboratory in which God's grace had effected far more mysterious and radical changes than any chemist ever worked. The only pride Paul had was in Christ. If he told the story of his consecration, it was a testimony to Christ. If he seemed to boast of his apostleship, it was evidence of the power of Christ, power enough to take an opinionated Pharisee and a persecutor of the Church and make him into a persecuted missionary of the Cross.

The Corinthian Christians needed encouragement. Having established his motive for serving them, "for Jesus' sake," Paul gives them many good reasons for keeping heart. Out of his own experience he can tell them that he is in their "fellowship of suffering." It is no trite moralizing when he speaks of "seeing the invisible." There was nothing secular about Paul. He did not live for time. His eye was not on the present affliction but on the future victory. "To be able to see the first is sight; to be able to see the second is insight," so wrote Dr. J. H. Jowett. How we need insight in these dark days of blood and tears! If we know the converting power of Christ we have our second sight.

Paul did not hesitate in offering "other-worldly" comfort to the Corinthians. His "good courage" came from "knowing that, while we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord." This kind of faith does not lessen our earthly service. If getting to heaven becomes an entirely self-centered and fully absorbing goal for living, it is not Paul's brand of "other-worldliness." The Christian does not despise the heavenly qualities of home-life here, but knows that it is but a foretaste of the perfect home-life of heaven. An old deacon is reported to have prayed, "Lord, wear us out in Thy service and take the frazzles home to glory." If this were our body and our only life here, we would be wise to live for its ease and security. But if Paul was right, we can well afford to spend our full energies unselfishly, for Jesus' sake for others!

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"God was in Christ," that is the center of Paul's gospel. As Saul, the student of the rabbis, he had known much about God. He first really knew God when Jesus met him on the Damascus road. God's attitude of forgiving love is revealed in the Christ who died for sinners.

Paul was not afraid of mysteries, and the atonement is still a mystery after 1900 years. He knew the release of his own soul from the burden of sin. He knew by the change in his own attitudes and purposes that Christ had made him over, "a new creature." And this inner assurance of forgiveness was reason enough for rising above the trials and afflictions that a hostile world inevitably heaps upon a Christian. No prison bars, no clanking chains, no whipman's knots, no persecution that Satan could devise could ever master the freed soul of Paul. Let the echo of that faith not only comfort Corinth but uncounted thousands who in 1944 know persecution "for Jesus' sake." Courage, friend, "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself."

Questions:

How far is secularization (living for this present world only) the spirit of our age? Can we live each hour by the standard of values of eternity?

What part does the Holy Spirit play in the drama of reconciliation? What is "the earnest of the Spirit?" (2 Corinthians 5:5)

Does belief in heaven tend to prevent active participation in movements for social betterment? Can the charge that the Christian Church is too other-worldly be sustained?

DAILY MEDITATIONS

(Continued from page 40)

scoured the four corners of the earth to obtain a good collection of rare coins. Happiness eluded her."

Thou art beyond the understanding of our minds, O God, but Thou dost dwell in humble and lowly hearts. Amen.

MAY
10

WIDER HORIZONS
READ PSALM 104:24-35

WHEN William Carey was a humble cobbler working at his bench in a Yorkshire village, he hung on the wall, opposite his seat, a map of the world, and he studied it whenever he had a few minutes to spare. He did a good job on the boots and shoes but he kept before him the thought of God's world. Most of us have very little imagination; what we actually see and handle seems to us to constitute the most of life. For that reason, if for no other, we should from time to time seek the presence of God and rest our fevered spirits in a sense of the fullness and peace of God.

Lord, Thou dost make us glad through the word; the knowledge of Thy mercy gives us peace. Amen.

MAY
11

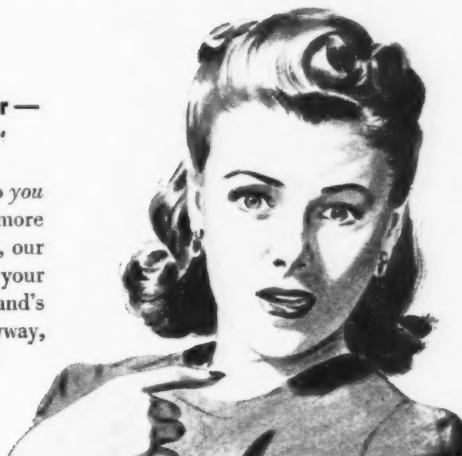
RIGHT AND WRONG
IDEAS OF PRAYER
READ MATTHEW 6:5-8

THE writer, George Sand, showed a true understanding of the inner meaning of
PAGE 47 • CHRISTIAN HERALD MAY 1944

"But I've Never Worked Before!" — what kind of war job could I do?"

"The More Women at War — The Sooner We'll Win!"

Experienced or not, there's a job you must do—you and millions more women—to save our war effort, our boys' lives! If you're married, your job won't change your husband's draft status. If he's called anyway, you'll be financially prepared!



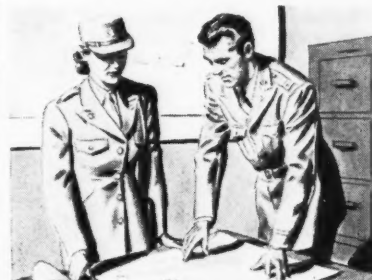
You can take any Civilian Job . . .

Restaurants, hotels, department stores, transportation—all are war jobs! Read your newspaper want ads for the job that needs you! Or get advice without obligation from your U. S. Employment Service Office. Full or part time, you're wanted—immediately!



You can work in a War Plant . . .

If there is a war factory in your community, or a shipyard, or a government arsenal—there may be dozens of different kinds of jobs you can do to help bring Victory closer! Read the want ads or ask your U. S. Employment Service office.



You can be a WAC or WAVE . . .

— Spar or Marine. Send a soldier to fight, bring our boys home sooner! If you qualify, you'll be serving your country, and learning an important job you may need, after the war. Get full details at any U. S. Army or Navy Recruiting Office, or Naval Officer Procurement Office.



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prayer in these words: "To pray as some do, for rain or sunshine, potatoes or money, to pray against hail or thunder, sickness or death, may be pure idolatry. It reveals a bargaining spirit rather than true humility. But to ask God for courage to endure, wisdom and faith to believe, and for love to all is to understand prayer. It is to draw closer to a warm hearth which would not attract us if, by its very nature, it were not capable of warming our hearts.

Lord, Thou hast formed our minds to suit Thee and inclined our hearts to love Thee. Amen.

MAY
12

PRAYER AS COMMUNION
READ MATTHEW 6:9-13

THE famous historian, Francis Parkman, relates that when an aged Indian named Memberton was baptized into the Christian religion he was taught, among other things, to repeat the Lord's Prayer. When he came to the petition: "Give us this day our daily bread," he remonstrated strongly. "If I only ask for bread," he said, "I shall get no more meat or fish." The old Indian felt that he was bargaining with God and he had better ask enough. Often our own ideas of prayer are crude. Prayer at its highest is communion with God.

Lord we bless Thee that we tread no untrodden path, but one worn by the feet of countless pilgrims who found their peace in Thee. Amen.

MAY
13

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS
READ HEBREWS 10:19-25

WHEN an old man, who never missed a prayer meeting if it was humanly possible for him to be there, was asked why he attended so regularly, he replied: "The Holy Spirit might come the time I was absent; nothing could ever make up for that." That is a sound, wholesome point of view. Attendance upon the means of grace is voluntary and probably there have always been those who held it lightly, even among believers. Of course there are those for whom attendance at public worship is not possible. But, for others, the apostolic injunction is crystal clear: "Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together."

Lord, may we be eager to minister to others; seeking to serve rather than being served. Amen.

MAY
14

A GREAT MAN
AND HIS MOTHER
READ ISAIAH 66:10-14

DOCTOR Samuel Johnson, probably the greatest of English essayists, once wrote to his mother. "Dear Honored Mother, neither your condition nor your character make it fit for me to say much. You have been the best mother, and I believe the best woman in the world. I thank you for your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness for all that I have done ill, and all that I have omitted to do well. God grant you His Holy Spirit, and receive you to everlasting happiness, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. Lord Jesus receives your spirit. Amen. I am, dear, dear Mother, Your Dutiful Son, Sam Johnson."

Lord, we bless Thee that Thou hast surrounded us by so many gracious and inspiring influences; make us worthy of them. Amen.

MAY
15

CONSECRATED
CHEERFULNESS
READ PROVERBS 15:13-23

WE KNOW a minister, one of the very best, whose habitual expression is one of extra severity; most of the time he looks disgusted or annoyed. Now he isn't a bit that way. He is one of the kindest and most genial men living, but his looks belie him. A boy in his congregation said recently: "Our minister has a beautiful smile but—he doesn't often smile." And the little fellow meant it, for he is intensely loyal to his pastor. Cheerfulness is contagious and what a blessed contagion it is. "I once heard Moody," a man told us, "and what I remember best was his kindly smile."

Lord, grant us this day, and every day, kind and gentle hearts to all men; may we never willingly hurt or wound others. Amen.

MAY
16

DISTANT FIELDS
READ ECCLESIASTES 7:1-10

A YOUNG man once listened to Bishop Brooks telling of some thrilling events in American history. "I wish I had lived in those days," said the youth. "I could have been courageous too." The Bishop's reply is worth remembering. He said: "No one who is not heroic today would have been heroic in the past." Distant fields look greener and we are inclined to think that at some other time and in some other place there were more opportunities for heroism than there are today. It is a mistake. God needs devoted servants now as urgently as ever before.

Lord, save us from seeking elsewhere the peace and joy which abide only in Thee. Amen.

MAY
17

A PARENT OF EVILS
READ ROMANS 13:10-14

FROM the civilization of ancient China comes the account of a discussion, ages ago, as to which was the greatest of social evils. The various sins were considered one by one, but eventually drunkenness was branded as the greatest curse because it was a parent of evils. Even in those far-off days, thoughtful people knew that once a man is drunk, then every form of passion becomes possible—even murder itself. That is exactly what the most modern psychologists and medical men are pointing out. Alcohol destroys self-control; all restraint is removed.

Grant, O Lord, that all who are weak may be made strong and all who are strong may be gentle. Amen.

MAY
18

COURAGEOUS SOULS
ARE SAFE
READ LUKE 5:1-11

SOME years ago a number of British warships were caught during a storm in a land-locked harbor in the North of Scotland, and were threatened with de-

struction. There was only one way of escape; it was by putting out to sea and bravely facing the very elements which threatened to wreck the ships. There is no security in attempted escape; there is safety in meeting danger with fortitude: "If shoals threaten, make for the open sea. Beat out, O threatened boat! Wing forth, bewildered spirit! Out to the trackless ocean where only God's eye watches, and on the swell of His silent strength find safety and peace."

O God, Thou who art the companion of all brave souls, enable us to bear the burdens of life with Christian fortitude. Amen.

MAY
19

MAKE ALLOWANCE:
BE PATIENT
READ ROMANS 5:1-7

THE great schoolmaster, Dr. Thomas Arnold, who is largely responsible for the more understanding spirit which prevails in schools today, in his early days as a teacher was scolding a backward boy. The boy looked up and in a plaintive voice said: "Why do you speak so harshly, Sir? I am doing my best." Arnold was deeply touched by the child's rebuke. He went to his room, got on his knees and asked God's forgiveness. He vowed he would never speak in an unkindly way to a child again. He kept that vow and by the grace of God became an example to all who have the care and nurture of little children.

Deliver us, O God, from impatience and irritability; grant us forbearance and serenity. Amen.

MAY
20

AFTER MORE
THAN HALF A CENTURY
READ MARK 10:13-16

A WOMAN was asked what was the greatest thrill she ever had during a long life. Without any hesitation she answered: "When I was a child, a lady visiting at our house put her arms around me and said, 'You darling child.' Those words, and the way she said them, did something to me that I can still remember after more than half a century. I was a homely child and compliments were scarce. I was literally starved for want of appreciation and affection." Who would think that a kind of gesture would make such a deep and lasting impression on the soul of a child?

Lord, enable us to be Christians, not only in words but in deeds, adorning the doctrine of our blessed Master. Amen.

MAY
21

ALL ONE
AT THE MERCY SEAT
READ 1 THESSALONIANS 5:14-28

THE great Baptist evangelist, C. H. Spurgeon, said this about prayer: "There have been saints of different moulds and temperaments, but they have been alike in one thing: they have all prayed. Some, like Heman and Asaph, have been masters of song, others could not sing, but they all prayed and what is most curious, though they held different doctrines, they prayed alike:

*The saints in prayer appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind.*

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FALSE TEETH WEARERS



HOW YOU CAN AVOID THE DANGER OF DENTURE BREATH

TEACHER, is little Janie difficult, inattentive, stand-offish? Maybe it's your . . . Denture Breath! Of course you think that brushing and scrubbing your dentures keep them wholesome as can be.

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tiny crevices in your plate with a brush and ordinary cleansers . . . and besides you are apt to scratch your dental plate. These scratches cause film, food particles and stains to collect faster and cling tighter . . . resulting in unpleasant Denture Breath . . .

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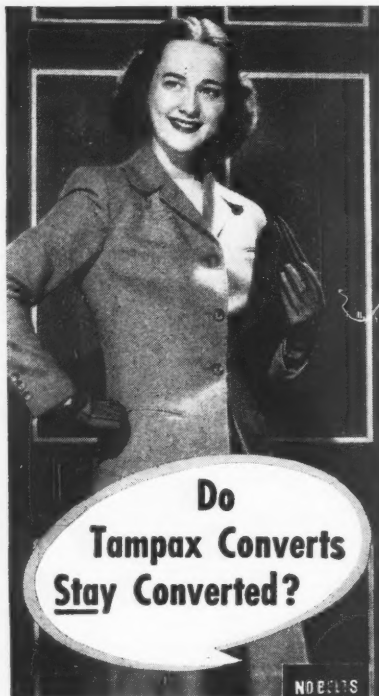
plate in place. With worn-down ridges, of course, your plate loosens. But, since there is no need for brushing when using Polident—there's no danger. And besides, the safe Polident way is so easy and sure.



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Men of God may appear different but they are one at the mercy seat; differences are superficial and disappear"

Lord, we have nothing that Thou hast not given us; without Thee we are poor indeed. Amen.

MAY
22

NO PLACE FOR SCORN
READ MARK 8:1-10

THE essayist, Thomas Carlyle, said: "There are thirteen hundred million people in the world—and they are mostly fools." Carlyle wasn't always as savage as that, and his bark was worse than his bite; nevertheless, there is a tendency on the part of many very learned people to become cynical and impatient toward those of lesser intelligence. It is a mistake and most decidedly an unChristian attitude. Jesus, who knew all that there was to know about men, loved them and died to redeem them. His disciples can never be unsympathetic and scornful.

Be with us, O Lord, in our silence and in our speech, in company and in solitude, and always may we have Thy companionship. Amen.

MAY
23

THE ONE FACT MORE
READ HEBREWS 4:12-16

A GREAT Christian leader wrote: "That man whom you resent and dislike, how much do you really know about him? Doubtless there are facts in his life that if you knew about them would stay the barbed arrow and soften the brutal sentence. Many a man has a secret sorrow that he keeps to himself, but it is always there, though he never says a word about it. It was a great saint, Max Muller, who said that when his daughter died she took the spring with her." Of one thing we can be sure; we shall never regret being kind, patient, sympathetic.

Lord, it hath pleased Thee to withhold perfect knowledge from us, but we bless Thee that there are no limits to the supply of Thy grace. Amen.

MAY
24

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO
TODAY
READ PSALM 118:23-29

IT IS one hundred years ago today since the first telegraphic message was sent. Samuel Morse, after years of patient endeavor and in face of much opposition and scepticism, sat in a room in the Supreme Court at Washington, ready to send the first message. He handed Miss Ellsworth a slip of paper bearing the message she had chosen: "What God hath wrought." Within a minute it had been received in Baltimore by Alfred Vail who signaled back the same four words. The dream of many years had been fulfilled.

Let the heavens be glad and let the earth rejoice and let men say among the nations, the Lord reigneth. Amen.

MAY
25

LOVE AWAKENS LOVE
READ LUKE 11:33-36

A MAN we know got into a streetcar and accidentally trod on another man's toes. He quickly and humbly apologized.

Whatever anger was in the injured man's heart completely left him. He said: "You are a gentleman to speak like that. You can walk on my toes all you like." Perhaps he would not want those words to be taken too literally, but it does show how people respond to good nature. The reason why some people find this a kind world is that they have so much love and genuine goodness in their own hearts that they awaken similar responses in others. What we find in the world largely depends upon ourselves.

Lord, we bless Thee because Thou hast put eternity in our hearts and enabled us to discern good from evil. Amen.

MAY
26

THE SOUL AT LIBERTY
READ ACTS 16:19-25

OVER two centuries ago, a devout woman in France, Madam Guyon, was imprisoned for supposed heresy and spent seven years—from 1695 till 1702—in the Bastille where conditions were deplorable. But her devotional writings reveal the triumph of a beautiful spirit over hatred and intolerance. She sang in the dungeon as Paul and Silas had done long ago. Here are a few lines she wrote at that time:

*My cage confines me round,
Almost I cannot fly;
But though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty.
My prison walls cannot control
The flight and freedom of my soul.*

Lord, Thou knowest more about us than we know about ourselves and in this assurance we find peace. Amen.

MAY
27

PEACE—IF POSSIBLE
READ ROMANS 12:14-21

MOST of us feel that life would be ideal if we had no enemies; few are belligerent at heart. We would like to be on good terms with everybody. Yet our Master had bitter enemies and He made no compromises with evil. He stood alone against the mobs, against an unspiritual priesthood, against tyranny and cruelty whenever He found them. We do not want to make enemies if we can help it but we thank God for the qualifying clause in this saying of Paul: "If it be possible as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men."

Lord, may we fulfil Thy new Commandment, that we should love one another. Amen.

MAY
28

THE POTENCY OF EVIL
READ MATTHEW 4:1-11

READERS of "Robinson Crusoe" will remember what a hard time Crusoe had trying to teach religious truths to the savage, Friday. One day, after Crusoe had been saying how much stronger God was than Satan, Friday said: "If God is so much stronger than the devil, why does he not kill him?" That is a question men have asked for ages. We have to meet and deal with facts as we know them. Sin is here, whatever its origin may be. No thoughtful person could survey world

conditions today and deny the potency of evil.

Lord, Thou art our light in darkness, our strength in weakness and our eternal home. Amen.

MAY 29

THE LANGUAGE OF THE HEART
READ ACTS 2:41-47

ALBERT SCHWEITZER, the gifted and devoted missionary, who has spent so many years in the African jungle, is the son of a Lutheran pastor of Alsace-Lorraine. He tells of how as a boy he used to watch an old man, with a happy and beautiful face, in his father's congregation. The old saint was stone deaf, so deaf that it seemed as if he could scarcely hear the congregation singing, much less the sermon. When asked why he attended the church so regularly the old man would exclaim: "The Communion of saints! The Communion of saints!" He understood the language of the heart.

Lord, unite in mutual understanding and good will all the nations of the earth and may Thy blessed will be done on earth. Amen.

MAY 30

GOD'S WORK GOES ON
READ 1 CORINTHIANS 3:1-9

IN WESTMINSTER Abbey there is a monument to John Wesley. Under it are these words: "God takes away his workmen but He carries on His work." On this Memorial Day it is well that we should honor those into whose labors we have entered. May we be worthy of those who have lived so nobly and have made life so much better for us.

*They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And following their incarnate God,
They gained the promised rest.*

Lord, we pray for the spread of Thy light until the day break and the shadows flee away. Amen.

MAY 31

WHAT A MINISTER CAN EXPECT
READ 1 THESSALONIANS 5:12-28

WHEN a minister, who carried in his heart the burden of a large congregation, was asked how he stood up under it all, he replied: "I have so many people praying for me." We like that attitude, both on his part and that of the praying congregation. There is such a thing as a spiritual atmosphere and there just isn't anything else which can create it as can prayer. Furthermore, a minister has a right to expect that his people are remembering him in their prayers. Nearly twenty centuries ago, Paul asked for the prayers of his friends.

Lord, remove the clouds that veil our sight; open our hearts that we may behold wondrous things in Thy law. Amen.

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PAGE 51 • CHRISTIAN HERALD MAY 1944

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BUY MORE WAR BONDS

Straight Talk

Edited by FRANK S. MEAD

Better Late Than Never

● Somehow, we lost this little note in our "Straight Talk" file. It's too good to let die there, so we give it to you now. It is a letter from Chilli-cothe, Ohio, and it reads:

Dear Editor:

Your January issue received, and I think it is the best number of CHRISTIAN HERALD you have ever sent out. Or is it the mood in which I read it?

Sincerely,
Mrs. I. T. Shade

Now there is wisdom! And understanding. And a good gentle spirit. Many a good article is refused by many an editor who just isn't feeling right when he reads it; and many a good article is printed and read and completely unappreciated because the reader has a stomach-ache, or because he's in one of his low moods, or because it's just one of his bad days.

Take it from the editor—your mood has a lot to do with your reading enjoyment!

Poem

Dear Editor:

I just want to say that the poem "I Like A Little Road," on page two of the February issue, is worth the price of a year's subscription . . .
Manchester, N. H.

M. S. Morse

● That poem—and the picture with it—brought a lot of letters like this one. We knew you'd like it. This is Main Street, U. S. A!

That National Conference

Dear Editor:

We, the members of the Caroline Zimmerman W.C.T.U. of Baldwin Park, California, individually and collectively endorse the plan to hold a National Conference of Temperance Leaders.

(Signed by nineteen members of the Baldwin Park W.C.T.U.)

● This came out of the "Joe Doakes" article, and we appreciate the thoughtfulness of the folks in Baldwin Park. The staff of CHRISTIAN HERALD is "in a huddle" on this question. It's a large question. The problem seems to be, "Just who should be called to such a conference?" Some temperance leaders have indicated that they might refuse to attend; they prefer to go on just as they are. Others say a com-

pletely new group of younger leaders should be called, and a completely new technique planned. It will take a lot of planning!

If I Were God

● Best verse of the month we've seen so far is one under the above title, in "The Evangelical Beacon." It reads:

*If I were God
And man made a mire
Of things: war, hatred,
Murder, lust, cobwebs
Of infamy, entangling
The heart and soul,
I would sweep him
To one side and start anew.
(I think I would.)
If I did this,
Would I be God?*

What Do You Know?

● Several Bible-wise readers write to say that the answer to the question, "From what place did the children of Israel first migrate?" in the March "What Do You Know About Your Bible," was answered wrong. Our answer was: "Ur of the Chaldees."

The readers remark that there weren't any children of Israel when Abraham went forth from Ur, not knowing whither he went. We're embarrassed, because we got that question—and that answer—from a Bible scholar of high repute. He still says he's right; these, he holds, were the forefathers of the Israelites, and they had their beginnings here, even though the name was applied later, and these forefathers *did* come out of Ur, whatever we call them. It's a moot question. We wish we hadn't gotten into this . . .!

You may not believe it, but we spend almost as much time over these Bible questions and answers as we do over some of the feature articles. This CHRISTIAN HERALD family knows its Bible!

Prayer

● Canadian Flying Officer D. C. Bridgman was fatally wounded over enemy territory in October of 1943. Twenty-one years of age and the son of a missionary, he left a written

prayer in his desk at home, when he went off to war. He wrote the prayer when he was 12. Here it is:

Dear Lord, I thank you for this day
For all its joys in work and play.
Guide and guard me thru the night;
May I awake with morning light.
Help me, Dear Lord, in all I do
To grow each day much more like
You.

He has been guided now through the blazing night of war, to place his hand in the hand of the Father—and in his moment of supreme sacrifice he indeed grew more and more like—Him.

Recipe

Dear Editor:

... How about the cider recipe in
CHRISTIAN HERALD?
Rockdale, N. Y.

Mrs. Amy Rolfe

● Cider? Are we wrong in thinking that so long as the cider isn't hard, it comes under the head of good "temperance" beverages? We would not offend anyone with any recipe; we recall many a fine church home in which cider was served, in our youth.

Those recipes are evidently carefully watched. Not too long ago, we heard from a reader who objected to the use of the word "cocktail," even though it was only a fruit cocktail. Methinks both words are not too good, but used in the sense in which we used them—aren't they both rather harmless?

Politics, Temperance, Etc.

Dear Editor:

A strictly religious paper *does* have plenty to say about politics; we need more Christianity in politics, not less.

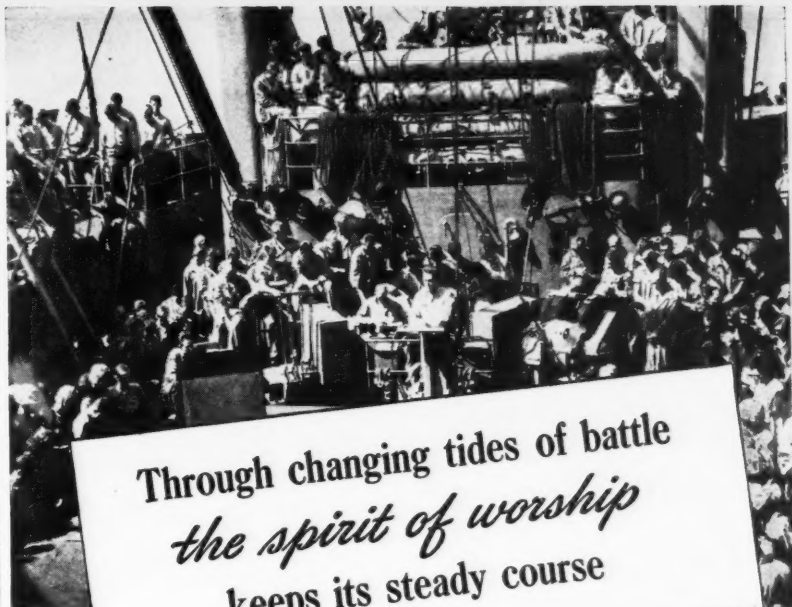
In re Temperance—as the fur flies on the letter from the soldiers (see April "Straight Talk") let me put a little patch of it back. The boys have something here. So does the junior-high-school teacher. . . . No law, constitutional or otherwise, can be enforced unless the people really want it. I doubt that we'll be ready for Prohibition for another generation. Temperance, yes! Winfield, Kansas Ernest Denning

Dear Editor:

Private Crawford's communication in the April issue is typical of many unthinking people who measure things with the yardstick of complacency. . . . These self-centered people are in the vast minority, else little could be done toward the uplift of humanity. . . . The talk of Christianity and education as the present cure-all for intemperance is old stuff! . . . Somerville, N. J. James W. Arrowsmith

● These are the first two letters to reach us in re Private Crawford's letter. There will be more. The fur flies early. We rather doubt that the private and his pals deserve the accusation of "self-centered." Read the letter again!

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Through changing tides of battle
the spirit of worship
keeps its steady course

THE transition from peace to war greatly altered the habits of millions of young Americans. But one thing has not changed. Wherever they are, the spirit of worship is deeply cherished, devoutly observed. In their hearts, reverence, like courage, is steadfast.

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MONUMENTS

LET'S TEACH THE BIBLE!
(Continued from page 33)

I began telling them Bible stories, starting with Creation and working on through the Book in chronological order. Now, those of you who think that the average child can't absorb Bible teaching except in medicine-dropper doses, get ready for a surprise. Those youngsters fired so many questions at me that I had difficulty getting through the lesson story. Each Sunday they would insist on my retelling some incident of the previous Sunday. One youngster would go home and make his grandmother get down the Bible and read the same story he had heard in the class.

I even ran into the problem of proselytizing students from other classes in the same Sunday school. As a text, I finally bought a dozen copies of one of the popular Bible storybooks and passed them around. One boy read his copy through four times. Come to think of it, why wouldn't a child be interested in how this old world on which he lives came into existence? Why wouldn't he enjoy the story of the Flood, or Jonah's experience with the great fish? Why wouldn't he appreciate a career story like that of the Hebrew boy who rose from slavery to be prime minister of Egypt? Why shouldn't the story of David and Goliath appeal to him as strongly as that of Jack the Giant Killer? A teacher who can't make these incidents interesting to a bunch of story-hungry kids will never appeal to them with any other teaching system.

I don't know all the answers to the situation that I have described except that we seem to need some kind of Sunday school revival to impress upon church members and parents the importance of The Book. Sunday school could—through a few of the leaders—organize a revival of interest in genuine Bible teaching. They could call in experienced Bible teachers and operate their own training school for prospective workers.

I do not know of any work in which local pastors could more constructively use their time, and it is a job in which they can very appropriately take the initiative and start the ball rolling. In fact, there is nothing that will kill a church more quickly than a lack of trained young leaders to succeed the older ones.

Training schools are something in which all local denominations can unite. All have practically the same problems, and there is no conflict of religious purposes in such a program. It has often been done and successfully too. But a one-week-a-year school is not enough. It takes more work than that to train good teachers.

I have been able to make my Sunday school work the happiest experience of my life. For the past several years I have taught 15-year-old boys and girls. Each class lesson is a new experience, out of which I get a new thrill. I get a newly promoted class every year. I write each member a postcard or letter each week urging him, or her, to be present Sunday. As far as possible, I include something personal to each individual: "Sure missed you last Sunday," "Hope you enjoyed your trip," "Congratulations on your record at school."

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I take part in many of their recreations, visit their homes when possible, and even keep in touch with some of them after they leave my class. I occasionally write to some of them when they enter college. At the present time, I write to thirty of my old pupils who are in the armed services, some overseas. Through these associations, arising out of Bible class experiences, I have built up a host of friendships that no money can buy.

Teaching can be made a fascinating work and the average church member can acquire as much enthusiasm for it as for any other absorbing interest in life.

EGGS—AN IMPORTANT FOOD

(Continued from page 43)

layer of egg will not be too deep. And it must be very hot when the egg is put in. This results in almost instantaneous cooking of the edge and a thin layer on the bottom so that the omelet can be rolled or folded almost immediately.

Rolling an omelet is the art of transforming a sort of flat egg pancake into a golden roll whose inner portion is just nicely jellied, while its outer portion is delicately crisp and brown. To accomplish the rolling, lift one edge of the omelet and fold it over. Tilt the skillet in the direction the omelet is to be rolled, and with a little push here and there from a helpful spatula or knife, the omelet rolls itself, jelly-roll fashion. Slip it from the skillet to a hot platter and garnish.

Although some people insist that no liquid must ever be added to a French omelet, others find it much creamier and more to their liking if a little cream is added to the eggs before they are beaten—perhaps one tablespoon of cream for each two eggs used. Meat stock, vegetables or fruit juice have been used instead of cream by many a famous cook to give an omelet delicious flavor.

MAY CHURCH DINNER

Hard-cooked Eggs with Minced Ham Sauce
Buttered Toast
Green Beans, Julienne
Angel Food Cake Fresh Strawberries
Coffee or Tea

Allow 2 hard-cooked eggs to each person. Allow one tablespoon minced ham loaf to each person, and blend this into ½ cup white sauce. Season well with salt, pepper and mustard, serve piping hot on golden brown toast... and with a side dish of green beans, either fresh or canned... canned are point free now... the dinner plate will look generous.

DE LUXE ANGEL FOOD CAKE

12 egg whites ½ teaspoon almond
½ teaspoon salt extract
1½ teaspoons cream ½ cups fine granulated
of tartar sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla 1 cup sifted cake flour

Place egg whites in a bowl. Sprinkle salt, cream of tartar and vanilla over egg whites and let stand to warm to room temperature. Sift flour and ½ cup of sugar together three times. Beat whites to a coarse foam, then add remaining cup of sugar 2 tablespoons at a time, beating it in gently. After sugar is all added, the mixture should appear fine-grained, moist and glossy. Turn into a tube pan that has been rinsed in cold water. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees) 1 hour. Invert pan until cold.

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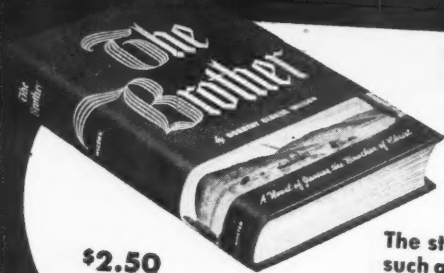
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THE SEAS OF GOD, by Whit Burnett. (Lippincott, 585 pp., \$3.00) Here are great stories and immortal tales of the human spirit from the pens of fifty-nine famous authors. Not all are equally good or by the *CHRISTIAN HERALD* test equally worthy, but within these covers is a library of top-flight fiction.

SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' PRAYER BOOK, by Gerald Mygatt and Chaplain Henry Darlington. (Knopf, 126 pp., \$1.00) The finest little book exclusively of prayers that has yet appeared in the service field. Great warriors including Generals Eisenhower, Patton, Admirals King and Horne; great heroes including Eddie Rickenbacker; distinguished women of the service including Colonel Hobby appear with the distinguished clergy of the ages. Here is the unique book of prayers.

DEERWANDER FARM, by Agnes Barden Dustin. (L. C. Page, 301 pp., \$2.50) We repeat now what we said regarding this story when its first chapter appeared in *CHRISTIAN HERALD*: "A story that will rival the immortal 'Pollyanna' and 'Anne of Green Gables.' 'Deerwander Farm: The Story of Nancy Hartwell,' by Agnes Barden Dustin, will make every reader aged eight to eighty laugh—and weep." Every *CHRISTIAN HERALD* reader will remember and want the book.

CLOUDLESS MAY, by Storm Jameson. (Macmillan, 512 pp., \$3.00) Not since Balzac has any book been written that more nearly approximates his style and recaptures his genius! The revelation of character under the Germans' advance of 1940 is at times appalling and seldom have basic loyalties been treated with greater skill. The characters themselves rise or fall, survive or break, as is their fundamental worth. Here is a very great book!

MINDING YOUR CHURCH'S BUSINESS, by Leonard M. Spangenberg. (Beacon Hill Press, 142 pp., \$1.00) If ever the Christian Church needed business methods and the guidance of business minds, that time is now. Sound and businesslike procedures and technique are required to survey her field, to prepare and organize her program if her present unparalleled opportunity is to be captured. This author knows what he is talking about. The Church is at once an institution human and divine—human in us but divine, eternal and at last omnipotent in Him.

DATE WITH DESTINY, by Ralph W. Sockman. (Abingdon-Cokesbury, 157 pp., \$1.50) This book is the distinguished author's thinking on things that really matter in this hour of supreme crisis. The language is liquid eloquence and beauty.

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RELIGIOUS BOOK WEEK

Religious Book Week, sponsored annually by the National Conference of Christians and Jews, will be held this year May 7-14. On the comprehensive list of important religious books issued by the Conference, we find these ten best-sellers already commended in our book-review column: "The Apostle" and "The Nazarene," by Sholem Asch; "Burma Surgeon," by Gordon Seagrave; "Forty Years a Country Preacher," by George Gilbert; "Prayer," by George Buttrick; "Return To Religion," by Henry Link; "New Eyes For Invisibles," by Rufus Jones; "On Being a Real Person," by Harry Emerson Fosdick; "The Robe," by Lloyd Douglas; "What is The Church Doing?" by Pitt Van Dusen.

The full list is obtainable from the National Conference of Christians and Jews, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



BLESSED ARE THE MEEK, by Zofia Kossak. (Roy Publishers, 375 pp., \$3.00) This is a monumental work, an over-length novel, based upon the life and times of St. Francis of Assisi. The story moves in the spirit of the Crusaders; the scenes shift from Rome to Palestine and thence to Egypt, where followed the disastrous failure of the Crusaders. Francis himself journeyed to convert the Sultan to Christianity and succeeded in saving the remnant of Crusaders from destruction. The love of Jean de Brienne of France for Blanche, Countess of Champagne, dominates many of the chapters, but above all other figures, including Popes and kings, St. Francis towers to dominate the scene.

THE FORGOTTEN ALLY, by Pierre Van Paassen. (Dial Press, 343 pp., \$2.75) This is to the present hour the book of the war. It is the passionate statement of a people's tragedy which is the world's shame. Unanswerable is the case as the author presents it for a Jewish home. This is contemporary history written by a master.

MENTAL ILLNESS: A GUIDE FOR THE FAMILY, by Edith M. Stern. (Oxford University, 134 pp., \$1.00) Here is a volume that should be read and re-read not only when mental illnesses strike but long before. It contains practical information for every family.

YOUR KEY TO THE BIBLE, by Theodore Huggenvik. (Augsburg, 218 pp., \$1.50) If it is true, as I believe, that spiritual success for the individual and the Church can come only through a program of Bible study and meditation, then this book is timely and imperative. It is both scholarly and practical.

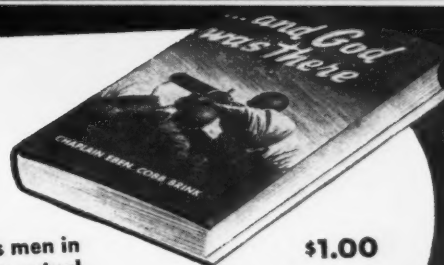
LAST LOVER, by Helen Topping Miller. (Appleton-Century, 211 pp., \$2.00) A chaste and beautiful love story that ends as you would have it end.

PAGE 57 • CHRISTIAN HERALD MAY 1944

...and God was There

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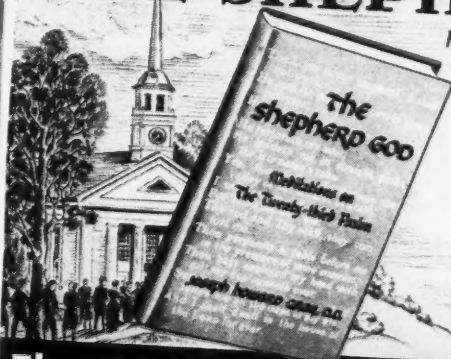
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(Continued from page 14)

ernment had indicted a bootlegger in an effort to destroy the syndicate which was responsible for sixty-two murders. Some of the ring were inclined to talk—six of them were killed and their bodies dumped by the roadside. Eight other prospective witnesses for the government were slain.

The Capone empire had its enemies and one night six automobiles, bristling with machine guns and shotguns manned by hoodlums, paraded past the headquarters and blasted it with a barrage of bullets. "Scarface Al"—he wore a livid scar on his face from an earlier stabbing—flattened himself out under a table and escaped.

For three months the federal grand jury heard the evidence District Attorney Johnson presented to it—and its members saw many witnesses cringe in terror. A Capone lawyer offered to see that Al and his brother, Ralph, also a gangster, would leave the country forever if prosecution were dropped. Johnson suggested that the syndicate approach the Secretary of State at Washington with its suggestion of a "treaty"!

As time passed, witnesses were murdered, the assassination of the district attorney was plotted, and all the might and harassing tactics which gang lawyers know how to use to defeat justice were employed without reserve. But Capone at last was indicted and came to trial. An army of police and federal marshals guarded the proceedings. One of Capone's henchmen was found sitting at the lawyers' table at the trial, glowering at witnesses and making threatening motions. A search revealed he had carried a gun right into the United States Court! A contempt sentence took care of him.

Finally there was needed the clinching bit of evidence. The enormous gambling profits of one of Capone's joints had been proved, but there was one missing link—it had to be shown he owned the place. Here a Congregational minister, unmoved by attempts to bribe him or by threats to bomb his home and to kill him and his family, took the witness stand. He was one of a vigilance committee of three citizens, who months before had grown weary of the corruption and lawlessness about them and had secured a search warrant from a justice of the peace of another suburb and had raided the gambling resort.

When the raiders broke into the place, the keepers thought it was either a joke or a mock display of the law. Thousands of dollars were on the tables, and all about were roulette wheels, blackjack, chuck-a-luck and other paraphernalia. As they piled up the equipment, the door crashed open and a burly figure stalked in. He shouted he had "protection" and demanded to know what it was all about.

"Who are you?" asked one of the vigilance committee.

"I'm Al Capone. I own this joint," he roared.

That was the clinching evidence, given by the three courageous citizens. One, a real-estate dealer, had been assaulted after the raid, his nose broken, his eye blackened and his head all but crushed by a



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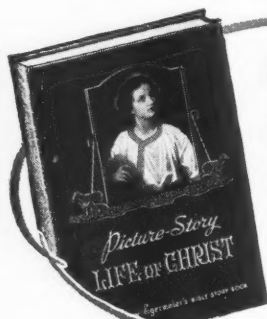
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blackjack. A second, an industrial employee, had been shot in revenge and hovered for months between life and death. The third, a clergyman, had been offered a bribe and had refused it, and then had been repeatedly threatened with assassination and with the murder of his family.

They stood true to their obligation as citizens and put the finger on the worst gangster in American history, the result being the breaking up of this gang and his sentence to prison for eleven years. Characteristically enough, the clergyman, as he waited his call to the witness stand, devoted his time to reading the Bible and preparing notes for his next Sunday's sermon!

That trial and conviction of Capone was the top news story of the period—it was also a mute witness of the fact that crime must bow before character. It is said that Capone, himself, in a gangster powwow, put thumbs down on assassination of Johnson, saying, "You can't kill courage like that." Editors recognized the value of the chronicle and offered huge sums to the district attorney to sell them the "inside story" of the smashup of the Capone gang. He refused them all, considering it beneath both his dignity and the dignity of his office to "peddle" information he had gained while in the public service. And to this date, that "inside story" remains locked in Johnson's archives.

Grateful recognition was accorded the district attorney for his unparalleled vindication of lawful government. President Hoover appointed him to a federal judgeship. He served in that judicial capacity for awhile, later returning to the practice of law. As a private citizen, he stands on watch for the common good, sounding the alarm when crime or corruption threatens the citadels of government. Particularly does he emphasize that if the profits of criminality are removed, most crime will go. Lush millions build up great gangs—take away those millions and gangdom will die.

All through the years of his private and public career as a lawyer and jurist, Judge Johnson has been a zealous churchman. He is a tower of strength and leadership in the Bryn Mawr Community Church of Chicago, one of the strongest and most influential congregations in that city. Not only that, but he is regular in his attendance at worship and is generous in his support of the many far-flung missionary and philanthropic enterprises which the church espouses.

"I consider the United States a Christian nation, and it must continue to be that if it is to endure," Judge Johnson asserts. "Nothing truer was ever said of our land than the pronouncement by the French political economist De Tocqueville many years ago: 'America is great because America is good. America will cease to be great only when it ceases to be good.'"

"National virtue, like private integrity, roots back in the justice and righteousness of God—and we must live in that pattern if we are to continue to be a great nation. If we break away from that pattern of enduring morality, then we are doomed to wither and die.

"I believe that good will finally over-

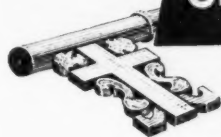
come all evil, because wickedness has within it the seeds of its own death. The Capone empire, built on hate and violence, could not endure; neither could the Louie Lepke empire. Violence and corruption are always the first to organize, because loot draws quick support. Honesty is slower to get into action, but when it gets its momentum it crushes everything before it.

"I implicitly believe in the Christian Church as the chosen agency for the building up of civilization, for the quickening of learning, for the expansion of science and invention, and for the attainment of progress and happiness. Religion alone offers the driving power sufficient to master a mechanical civilization. If we are not to perish by our own hand, we must embrace the unselfish motive of

service which Christ established on earth. Christianity opens the door for a greater, finer and more glorious America."

You wouldn't take Judge Johnson for a fighter. His white hair and gracious manner bespeak a patient, indulgent citizen—but when you see him in action, you recognize the force behind the graciousness. At 65, he is up to his eyebrows in work, with a staff of lawyers and stenographers carrying out his policies, and with church committees hustling to complete his plans. He is aided and abetted by Mrs. Johnson, who as a church drama director, has staged some of the best religious plays ever seen in Chicago. Together they make a team of Christian workers who spend their time doing, rather than thinking up alibis for inaction.

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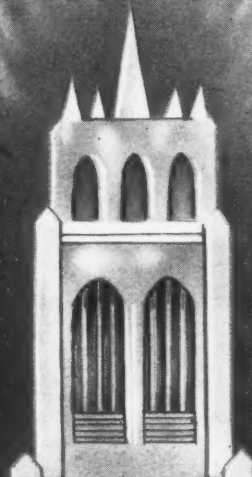
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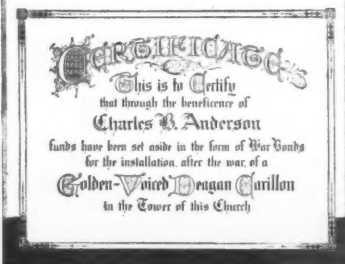
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LANCET OF THE LORD

(Continued from page 31)

the hospital compound. The Doctor-sahib had given them food the night before . . . he would give them food for their breakfasts.

William heard their voices; saw their growing number. He groaned. There was no sign of rain, no more food in the hospital, and only a small amount of money left to buy more. True, Northern and Eastern India had no drought, crops there were good. But in Southern and Western India, where the crops had dried up, there was no money for the farmers; no money for the artisans; no money for food.

As Mary stepped to the door of her husband's office, she heard his voice low and deep; knew he was praying. She saw the milling, hungry crowd outside and realized the enormity of William's problem. And he was trying to solve it as the Lord wanted it solved.

Neither heard the noise of the *tonga* as it drew up before the hospital compound. Neither saw the haughty Indian dispatch his servant from the vehicle with a quick command. But both heard the rap upon the outer door. William was there first. As the doctor appeared in the doorway, the Hindu in the *tonga* smiled and drew back so he would remain unobserved. The fastidious servant offered William a scroll and a small leather purse.

"For you, Doctor-sahib," he salaamed graciously and turning, faded through the villagers in the compound, out into the *tonga* which quickly departed.

As William unrolled the scroll, Mary hovered about curiously. "What do you suppose it is?" she asked, her eyes bright. "And that purse looks like it might have money in it."

"Probably a donation of some sort," murmured the doctor, unrolling the scroll. He held it out and together they read the carefully written Marathi.

"My most courteous greetings to a Christian gentleman. Will you kindly accept my poor gift and permit me to ask that you use it at your discretion, perhaps in the building of a hospital for unfortunate lepers."

The scroll was signed "Anonymous," and the little purse contained a three-thousand rupee note.

Mary moaned, "Build another hospital now?" she exclaimed. But before she could say another word William's voice rang out with joyous passion. "Thank you, Lord! Thank you!"

She stared at him. His face was eager; full of plans.

"Mary," he exulted, "this is our answer!"

"Answer?" echoed Mary, unable to understand how the building of a leper hospital would answer the challenge of the famine.

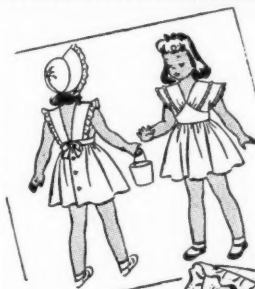
William explained as patiently as his enthusiasm would permit.

"If the villagers have money they can buy food. The grain merchants here still have some for sale. Then we'll bring some in from Northern and Eastern India. The natives can earn this money by their labor, building the new leper home, don't you see?"

William lost no time in starting to build. Every needy man, woman and

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child was given work to do. The wages were necessarily small, but were enough to buy food and ward off starvation. Orders for grain were sent to Bombay and almost immediately the great, life-giving sacks started to arrive, supplementing the village grain merchants' dwindling supply.

And then came the rains. Fast and hard and even, furious drops pelted the streets and fields. Good, stinging, fresh rain. The poor withered earth sucked greedily. Oxen relaxed in bovine placidity as the water trickled down their faces, over their dusty backs. With fierce joy, natives wallowed in the oozing mud.

"THE BABY HAS CHANGED my whole life," Mary told her husband, but couldn't tell why. "I just can't put it into words," she apologized. How could she explain her new happiness? I guess it's "motherhood," thought Mary, although the word had always sounded drab and duty-laden, while this new experience carried a glorious sense of joyful responsibility. She stroked the girl baby's tiny head and was grateful to the small one for giving her a sense of direction and fulfillment.

The next morning, in his consulting room at the hospital, William patiently and efficiently examined each new arrival—as was his custom. As he applied his stethoscope to a suspected tubercular case, he became aware of the entrance of a native who staggered in with unseeing eyes. William looked at him sharply. The man had evidently come far; perhaps from the Punjab region, for his complexion was fairer than the Hindus of the South.

Then suddenly the man collapsed. His wasted body shook and heaved. He clutched his stomach. As William dashed to his side, the man started to vomit a peculiar, ricewater-like fluid. William clenched his teeth. This symptom was peculiar to one disease—cholera!

The doctor gestured to the other patients in the room. "Out! Out!" he ordered. They left quickly, curiosity written on their faces.

Within a few days there were others with the same nauseating symptoms. "Segregate these people," William ordered. "Disinfect all drinking tanks and wells. And don't let the villagers hear of it. There's no need for useless fear."

But the villagers did hear of it. Like a quiet trickle of poison, the word went through the village.

William's reassuring voice rang out. "Don't be afraid. Follow the simple health rules I have taught you. Keep your drinking tanks clean and don't let the oxen wallow in them. Above all—eat no fruit which has not been thoroughly washed! Wash the fruit! Wash it!"

"MEM-SAHIB, I bring you something."

To Mary, fanning herself and the baby with a *punkah*, the voice was as welcome as a cool drink. With a smile she greeted the entrance of Zizabai, her native maid, into the hot bungalow. Zizabai frowned with concern at the doctor's mem-sahib. She was so thin since the coming of the baby. Her cheeks were not pink and her lips were pale.

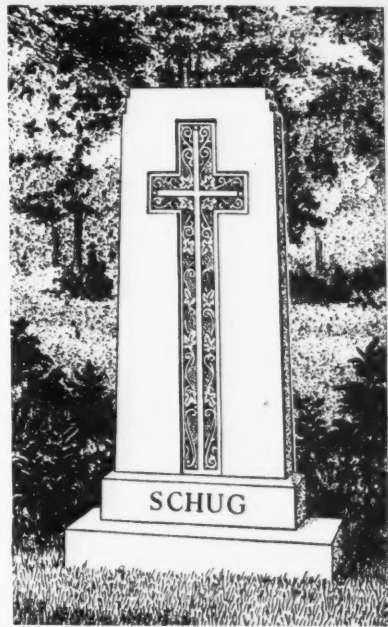
"Here, mem-sahib."

The tiny, dark figure knelt by Mary and offered a basket. She had hurried to

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Action to Save Jews

Hitler himself, in a recent speech, confessing the failure of his military machine, declared: "Our whole life, our efforts and our existence, must be directed to only one end—the complete extermination of Jewry all over Europe." To carry out this monstrous purpose, the Nazis have already murdered more than two million Jews since the War began. No wonder so many are asking whether Israel will survive this greatest of all her persecutions. In answer we can only say that the Word of God teaches that the Jews are yet to be converted and made a blessing to the world. (Jer. 31:35-37; Rom. 11:1, 15-26; Ezek. 36:25-27).

AIDING THE SUFFERERS



The Rev. Jacob Peltz, Ph.D., B.D.

Very few can comprehend the ruthless tortures, the mental and physical agonies of those Jews who remain in the prison house of Europe. We implore Christians to pray for Israel as never before. How thankful we are to have been able to help so many of these victims of Nazi cruelty. We maintain Hostels or Refugee Homes in Great Britain to which many have escaped. Relief is also given to refugees who have escaped to Palestine, to those released from internment camps in Canada and to urgent cases in other countries. Material aid is coupled with spiritual comfort and the opportunity to preach the Gospel.

APPEAL TO CHRISTIANS

Only the gifts and prayers of Christians enable us to continue our work. Do not permit our efforts to diminish. Consider the agony of these refugees, some very old and some very young. Your interest will keep Hope alive and help lead many to Christ. Please send us a gift even if small.

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the bazaar early in the morning when she might obtain the finest, most luscious fruits for her beloved mem-sahib.

"How good they look!" Mary exclaimed enjoying the bold colors of yellow plantains, the bright-gold oranges and the plump, purple grapes. "I haven't had grapes for so long," Mary remarked hungrily.

The baby fretted in her basket. Zizabai rushed to her side and with a melting glance asked, "Mem-sahib, please may I sit with missy-baba on the verandah?"

"Of course," Mary answered, and smiled as the eager girl gathered up the pink and white baby murmuring, "Now, your ayah she takes care of you. Come with ayah, missy-baba. Good missy-baba." The baby's fretting ceased as the devoted Zizabai took her onto the verandah. Mary sat at their small writing desk and started a letter to her father in Toronto.

"Dear Papa," she began. What could she tell him? No use to mention the heat, he'd only worry. Mary nibbled at the end of her pen, then looked at the basket of fruit. Those plantains looked good. But no, they were so filling. Oh, she'd forgotten to send pictures of the baby in her last letter. "I am sending pictures of Ethel for sure in this letter. As you can see she is in excellent health and my world simply moves around her. William is so busy at the hospital." Mary pecked thoughtfully at the pen once more, then reached out for a grape. How refreshing, she thought as she ground it between her teeth, then continued writing. "He has more patients than he can attend to. I'm afraid he is overworking though he claims he is feeling fine. If he only had some assistants, Victoria May Hastings, Zizabai, and I do most of the nursing, though since the baby came I only work in the surgical ward. We have a few native helpers, but we could use many more. Sick people come from all over India for care from William's hands and his operations are miracles." Mary glanced down at the basket of fruit. She'd eaten a whole cluster of grapes. She must save some for William. Suddenly Mary remembered. She hadn't washed them.

"Zizabai," she called, "did you wash those grapes?"

"Oh!" Zizabai's voice was a pang of regret. Her anxious figure appeared in the doorway.

"Never mind," Mary managed a smile. "Mem-sahib did not eat them yet?"

Mary smiled reassuringly. "How foolish," she remarked lightly.

Zizabai smiled with relief and turned back to the baby.

Mary stood irresolute. Should I tell William, she thought. But from the bungalow she could see the long line of weary, hot sufferers waiting to see the doctor. No use to become alarmed. She felt all right. There wasn't one chance in a thousand and that the grapes were contaminated. Casting the thought from her mind she turned back to her letter.

THAT NIGHT Mary tossed restlessly. She tried to lie still and not disturb William. He was so tired. And tomorrow there would be more and more operations.

Suddenly she felt chilled. That was strange. She touched her face. It was wet. Perspiration poured from her forehead.

IT'S HAPPENING HERE

In a village of Bavaria when Nazism was rising to its totalitarian power the headmaster of a school and the owner of a little bakery and a manufacturer called on their parish minister saying "the church ought to protest against the rising tides of pagan statism before it is too late."

Perhaps the minister didn't understand the implications in selling freedom for promised security. He may not have known what a reign of terror would follow substitution of the rule of men for the rule of law. Other parish duties may have seemed to him more urgent and even more Christian. Perhaps he had planned to preach on foreign missions or to discuss some theological question the next Sunday, anyway he didn't sound the alarm.

Those laymen were right. That minister was wrong. When people lose the democratic process—when the state becomes master instead of servant—Christian ideals and values are destroyed. America has been moving in that direction. That trend started long before the present war and, unless courageous voices are raised in protest, it will continue long after the war—until the total level is reached here and the total man, body, mind and soul is under the domination of the state.

More important than any other issue within our nation is the protection of basic freedoms and spiritual ideals through stopping the rising tides of pagan statism—the concentration of power in the executive branch of our government through bureaus, decrees, violation of states rights and abrogation of constitutional government.

Spiritual Mobilization, Inc., is an organization for encouraging clergy to be counted in the anti-statism crusade. It believes this to be their solemn duty. It believes no minister is too busy to give thought and effort to this cause. It has volunteer representatives among the clergy of all denominations from coast to coast. In 1942 its organization signed two million persons to its basic freedoms pledge. It seeks other allies and friends. It desires to put all interested ministers on its mailing list for pamphlets and bulletins without any cost or obligation. Interested?

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head. Try and sleep. The grapes! Those unwashed grapes! Mary tried to fight down her rising fear. There was nothing the matter with her, nothing. She turned toward William. He was sleeping the sleep of one exhausted. Tomorrow there would be so many operations. The thing to do was to go to sleep. The morning would be the same as any other morning. She'd get up. They would have breakfast. She would feed baby . . . feed the baby . . . Mary winced. A pain attacked her stomach. Think about the morning . . . the blessed daylight. There was comfort in ordinary things. The dressing of the baby . . . the rounds of the wards where grateful faces watched eagerly for the nurses and the beloved doctor-sahib. There would be luncheon at noon, and William would take his fifteen-minute rest. Then . . . but the pain again. Mary gritted her teeth. She would not cry out. Mary felt the perspiration break out anew on her face, then over her body. Night-time magnified everything so. She must sleep . . . sleep. But the night hours lagged. "Come morning, come morning," begged Mary.

How still the hospital yard was in the moonlight. The jacaranda tree she'd planted cast fringed shadows over the verandah. Soon there would be purple blossoms. That pain again! She must have cried out, for William stirred.

"What's the matter, Mary?" he asked sleepily.

"I—I don't feel well," she answered. With the quick response of doctors, William became instantly alert. "What is it?" His voice was quick, calm.

Mary hated herself for awakening him but she felt so much worse. "My head. I feel cold and yet I'm perspiring. I think I'm going to be sick at my stomach!"

William leaped from the bed, quickly tended to her needs. Instantly he knew the trouble. There was not a second to be lost.

"Zizabai!"

The gentle servingwoman responded at once.

"Bring Victoria May here," he told her as the little woman stared with horror at Mary and into the doctor-sahib's face, inscrutable in the glow of the lamp.

The hospital yard and bungalows were quiet, but there was little sleep. Anxiety pries into sleep and soon not only Victoria May and Zizabai were awake but patients lying in wards caught the sense of trouble and fretted and tossed in their sleep.

"Brandy," directed William. "She must be stimulated. A hypodermic! Heat applications!"

Victoria May, grim and white-faced, obeyed every order with the promptness of an automaton. Zizabai was completely useless. Crouching outside the bedroom door she slowly tore her sari into shreds as her nervous fingers clutched for support.

For hours the only noise in the bungalow was the curt, crisp orders given by William. There was no hesitation, no indecision. He did everything in his power. There was but one difficulty. Mary had called so late.

But William didn't dare think. With the objective calm of a scientist, with every ounce of his strength and all the



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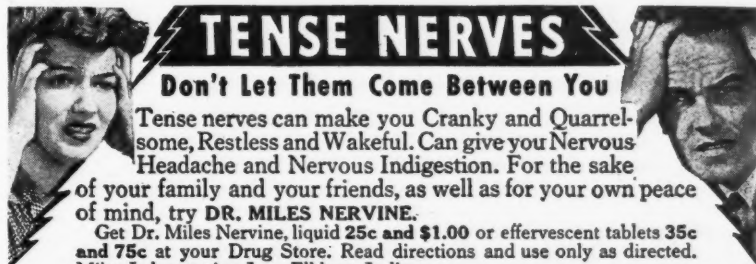
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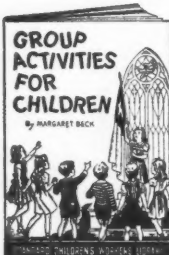


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wisdom at his command he worked efficiently, quickly, skillfully.

Dawn brought no improvement. The muscle in William's cheek worked now . . . still his face was calm . . . his hands sure. He felt the pulse. It was slow and heavy; tired with life. William's clothes dripped with perspiration. The arteries on his forehead stood out like fiercely enclosed rivers. He was fighting, fighting with everything in him against the slowly encircling shadow.

"Oh, God," he breathed. "God help me." Closer now came the dread shadow . . . William pitted himself against it.

"Mary . . . Mary, don't give up! Fight, Mary, fight!"

But the heavy lids fluttered over the beautiful grey eyes. She was tired . . . tired . . .

And then—it was over. A quick, mocking second before there had been life. Now there was none. William stood motionless, his skillful hands hung vanquished. It was Victoria May who pulled the sheet up over the lovely face, while the sound of Zizabai's wails were like the lonely jackal's in the night.

(To be continued)

SIXTY ACRES OF HEAVEN

(Continued from page 39)

In an unguarded moment I allowed myself to be drawn into a game of golf. The Community golf course would try the patience of a saint; there is much too much trouble on that nine holes, much too much sand and ditches and "rough." A Congregationalist from up New England way, aged something over 70, played the whole course with one club and beat the three of us easily. He offered to play us again next day using only one hand.

Fun! They have it aplenty. And if there is anything they should have in their days of retirement, it's fun. They hardly walk ten feet without a joke. They are a rebuke to those who are forever saying that all preachers have long faces. Life is like that down there; slow, easy, graceful, congenial. I sat in on several friendly arguments; nothing serious about any of them. Did you think that preachers don't get along well together, that there is bickering among them, that they might squabble over their various creeds and denominations? Not there. These people are Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists—name any Protestant denomination, and you'll find one of their men here. But they never mention that. They check their denominations at the gate. No man ever shouts, "I am a Methodist," or "I must be right, for I'm a Baptist!" They check their titles and their degrees, too. Nobody ever calls anybody "Doctor." Just plain "Mister." Or, more often, "Fred" or "George" or "Mac." They talk "shop," yes, but it's an open shop, religiously. Frankly, I never quite knew how much preachers have in common, how little they have to quarrel about, until I came down here. This place is the greatest argument for Church Union you could imagine.

It's not so much a Community as a fellowship—the kind of fellowship they have enjoyed in their active ministries. The camaraderie of the kindred mind stays alive on these acres. They come from Iowa, New Jersey, California, Can-

ada, Kansas and the South Sea Isles. They are men and women of evangelical faith. They are preachers, teachers, missionaries, professors, Y.M.C.A. men, Christian workers. Among them I found no bitterness, no complaint, none of the anxiety and struggle of so many retired ministers. I preached at vespers in the chapel (you ought to see that chapel!) to a group that should have been the most critical group in Christendom. Preachers hate to preach to preachers. Yet I found them to be the most gracious audience I have ever faced. Sixty acres of heaven! Fun, fellowship and faith!

I hated to leave it. Everyone does—and therein we find the only rift in the bright cloud. Many have to leave. Widows and widowers have to leave, for there are no accommodations here for the single man or single woman. Think what that means! A preacher and his wife come down here, say, from North Dakota. They break all their home ties; they dispose of everything except bare needs—enough furniture for their use, a few reminders of their years in the parsonage. They live here for five, ten, fifteen years—and then, suddenly, father or mother passes on, and he or she who is left must move.

It's wrong. It is heartrending, and there is no reason for it except that up to now, there seemed to be no opportunity, no way open to provide for this one great lack at the Community. Now the way is open, and CHRISTIAN HERALD inaugurates in this issue a campaign to build on a plot, near the Chapel, a comfortable home for those who must go on alone. The plans are drawn; we know what we want, and we know that we have enough friends in the HERALD family—that the preachers of America have enough friends in that family—to build here a building adequate to our needs. We plan to do just that.

We plan it not as something that will just "be a nice thing to do." We plan it in the spirit of a globe-trotting preacher who once wrote it down that "This mortal must put on immortality!" Immortality isn't just a pretty idea, just something that would be nice to look forward to, if . . . ! It is a *must*. If that's true of the life to come it is even more true of life in the here and now. These mortals, if we are Christian, *must* have that which is due them, while yet they live. It's wrong to wait until a man dies before we send the flowers. It's wrong to say to the minister, "I'll never forget how you stood by me when Jim died," and then forget him as completely as though he never lived. It's wrong, un-Christian, pagan to take all he has and give back a pittance. This isn't something we *might* do; it is something we *must*.

CHRISTIAN HERALD looks upon it as the greatest opportunity it has ever had to say "Thank you" in an honest, Christian way to the men and women who are the heart of the Christian Church. And if CHRISTIAN HERALD never does another good deed, this one thing we will do.

And you? Where is that preacher who helped you when Jim died? Who led you heavenward when you were young? Where's he gone? What's happened to him? Do you know? No? Don't you think you should—that you *must*?

CHRISTIAN HERALD MAY 1944 • PAGE 64

OUR JOB IS TO SAVE LIVES
(Continued from page 22)

when they come.

Unstinted praise for the Air Forces chaplains was sounded by the Air Surgeon. "They're doing a grand job in every theatre. I might add that our 4,000 flight surgeons who ride the evacuation planes full of wounded, supplement the work of the chaplains. They act as father-confessors to these wounded boys when a minister or a priest isn't available and are doctor, father and advisor all in one.

"I might add that our flight surgeons, nurses and all personnel set a remarkable record in air evacuations from Tunisia and Sicily. More than 27,000 soldiers with all types of wounds were flown out to hospitals a total of eight million miles and only one patient died in transit."

In case the wounded soldier is flown back to the States, there are eight Convalescent Centers available to him, all strategically located from Florida to California.

"At these home units," General Grant added, "every facility is being utilized to bring about the mental and physical rehabilitation of the soldiers. Every skill and effort is centered on the task of reconditioning as many men as possible for military service with the following sequence of possibilities in mind:

"1. Return to his original Army Air Forces assignment;

"2. Return to the Army Air Forces in a different assignment than his original;

"3. Return to assignment within the Army;

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"5. Providing the man with every possible advantage prior to discharge to the Veterans Administration.

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Much as he praises his Flight Surgeons, nurses and other personnel, other Air Force generals are quick to cite Grant's own pioneer work in this field as a leader and constant advocate of modern aviation medicine. After attending Episcopal high school in Alexandria, Va. and the University of Virginia, the future Air Surgeon joined the Medical Reserve Corps, U. S. A., in 1916. He served in Panama, Germany and other countries, entering the School of Aviation Medicine in 1931. Since that time his waking hours—which are many—have been devoted to the goal which the Air Forces have now reached: the saving of lives as quickly and humanely as science and medicine permit.

"Tell the parents," General Grant said and we ended the interview, "that every Flight Surgeon, every nurse, specialist and technician, feels that he or she is personally responsible for the recovery and good health of every member of the United States Army Air Force.

"These boys are doing their job as no fighting man ever did before. God willing, we'll see that they return stronger and healthier than when they left home to build a world where humanity will be preserved, not by medicine, but by the brotherhood of man."

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NOTHING'S CHANGED (Continued from page 25)

you and Jimmy. I won't interfere with your visit. The thought was like a prayer from Beth's silent lips.

The train screeched to a stop and the wild clatter of drums and bugles and brass beat upon the air in sudden familiarity. Jimmy's head came up like a fire horse being hitched to the old fire wagon. "Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here!" There was Walt Whitten and Chub Nolan blowing their living daylights out, and Skinny Turpin, the little wart who never grew any higher than five feet, going into a frenzy with his drums. Minnie Sue Berry and Alice Long, and a lot of boys he didn't remember. Must be the younger crowd. "Yay, Yay, Nichols!"

A traveling salesman stared, and two visiting Wacs murmured politely, "Looks like some celebrity has arrived!"

Jimmy's eyes were searching through the throng. And Beth squeezed his arm comfortingly. "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow!" Where's Mom?

Minnie Sue, all grown up—and a good job of it, too—hurried up to Jimmy. "Your mother's waiting for you at home, Jimmy."

"Of course she is, Jimmy. She wouldn't want to come down here with all this mob," said Beth. The disappointment in his face ebbed. That was like Mom. She'd be afraid she'd cry.

Chub was holding out his hand then, and the boys had to be introduced to Beth, and it was just like everything she had expected, excepting that she hadn't dreamed they'd have a band out for Jimmy! Even the little old signboard, swaying in the breeze, which said "Boone," was just like she'd pictured it. As they drove past the church-corner, so called because of the four churches, one on each corner lot of the four converging blocks, the Friday Missionary meeting was coming out at one of them. "Why, there's Jimmy Nichols!" exclaimed someone.

He waved and tipped his cap to them and sat up very straight in the jalopy which Chub was driving.

Mom was watching from the window.

Chub didn't come in with them. And the girl with Jimmy picked up one of the bags and started up the walk just as though this was a homecoming, instead of an introduction. Jimmy's eyes were sweeping over everything. Same old crack in the sidewalk, where he used to step carefully across the ants. Same morning glory vines trailing around the old stump they never had removed from the side yard, the porch furniture, newly painted, but the same bright red oilcloth-covered pillows in it; the nasturtiums glowing in the spot where nothing else would bloom, and zinnias and marigolds raising colorful heads from the picket fence corner.

Home, home, home. Just the same.

Jimmy pushed on the door and there was Mom coming toward them. "Mom, this is Beth," he said just before he kissed her.

Mrs. Nichols saw a girl who was more than pretty. A girl with character in her face, whose blue eyes were filled with understanding for the wonderfulness of this moment between Mother and Son.

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They were drawn together without volition and, kissing her, Beth said, "I knew you'd be like this, Mom."

In her confusion, Jimmy's mother said, "Show Beth her room, Son, and I'll get dinner right on the table."

But he was back in a moment, almost before she could whisk the happy tears from her eyes. His arms closed about her, gripping her in that back-breaking bear-hug of his. His hands smoothed over her grey hair, and he kissed her again, whispering, "Gee! Mom, it's wonderful to be back. And to find everything just the same."

Then Beth was there and helping dish up the meal. Mom brushed melted butter over the hot rolls while she poured the coffee, and Jimmy stood by nibbling on the edges of the ham slices, just like he'd always nibbled on them.

They ate. Jimmy simply ravenous, Mom pecking at everything and Beth trying hard. Mom had a lump in her throat which had not dissolved since yesterday's wire.

How could anything be the same now that her son was married? Oh, he'd be back once in a while, but she was really saying good-by to him now.

"Guess I'll have to run down to the garage for a minute, and let you two girls get acquainted," said Jimmy after the second piece of apple pie.

The dishes were put away, and everything was tidied up in the kitchen when he returned. Beth said with understanding, "I'll run on to bed and let you visit this first night."

Jimmy tried to keep her there, but Beth laughingly struggled away from him, and, knowing that he would have her with him for many hours after they'd said good-by to Mom, he gave in to her.

Jimmy sat down in the worn old leather chair where his father used to love to read in the evenings. His mother picked up a piece of sewing she had been working on and it could have been an evening of three or four years back. But her heart was beating slowly, painfully.

He's here, and yet not here. It's the same, and yet not the same.

But suddenly, as if voicing her own thoughts, Jimmy said, "Mom, we'll be back here to live just the minute the war's over."

Just a dozen or so words and yet what a burden they lifted from her heart. "We'll be back the minute the war's over."

She felt like laughing and crying and singing all at the same time. They'd be back? "But what could you do in this little town, Jimmy?"

"Hmm. Lots of things. But particularly one thing. Mr. Perry and I talked about it quite a long time this evening. Aviation's going to be the big thing after this is over. I've invented a gadget for a carburetor, and it's being patented. We will start a little plant right after the war."

Jimmy tinkering in the garage. Jimmy's tinkering amounting to something. Amounting to an invention. An invention which would mean a livelihood here in Boone. It was wonderful!

And here she had been giving him up all day, giving him up, in fact, since that wire came. The same as always, he had

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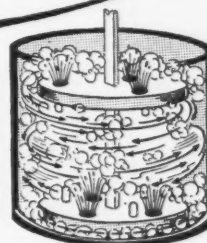


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said in his letter. The same and yet not the same. She laughed suddenly and the tears which sprang into her eyes were tears of release from the pang of real parting. There'd be a little cottage somewhere on Front Street that they could live in.

Jimmy said suddenly, "Why, Mom, you're crying! You're a funny girl. You don't cry when I come from the train—you wait until I tell you that you can't get rid of me, that I'm comin' back to live in the same town!"

The sheer contradiction made her laugh. "Women cry when they're happy, too, Jimmy. And right now, I'm one of the happiest women in the world. I've just suddenly seen what it's all about."

He sobered instantly. He hadn't told her how ill he had been in San Francisco, nor that the decks of his ship were littered with his shipmates when he himself went down; nor that sometimes he, too, had wondered what it was all about. Now he knew. It was enough to make a man want to hurry back to his ship, to get it all over with in a hurry. This thing he had come home for had been here all right. The feeling of security and love that a small white cottage and a Mom, and another girl—Beth—could give to a man. Things worth going on fighting for. Until there was no more fighting to do.

"This is it, Mom. Little things have changed, perhaps, but nothing basically has changed. I'm coming back to it soon, and then we'll see that it's going to be the same as always."

SERMON

(Continued from page 36)

The third rule which William James gave for getting away from bad habits is this: Seize the very first opportunity to act on every good resolution you make. The best way to clinch a conviction is to act upon it. We often say that the way to do good is to be good. That is true, but it is equally true that the way to be good is to do good.

Consider this principle in the difficult realm of breaking the drink habit. One of the most successful movements in the cure of drunkenness is that led by "Alcoholics Anonymous." One of the rules of that organization is that as soon as the addict starts the cure, he begins working to help someone else through the same struggle. When we give an arm to help another, it strengthens our own arm.

I know a church which demonstrates this same truth. Its pulpit is not particularly brilliant, but its doors are fairly bursting with people, because every person who joins begins working to recruit some other. That is the way vital churches grow. That is the principle on which Our Lord himself worked. Recall how quite early in his ministry he sent out seventy of his followers, two by two, to teach and heal. They were not fully prepared. They made mistakes. But they learned by doing. And by their efforts in service they prevented the return of the evil spirits. As Jesus said in a parable, when a house has been cleared of its evil spirits and then is left empty, the devils return worse than before.

This principle of clinching good resolutions with action applies in the field of public service as well as in personal liv-

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SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE. Wholesome comedy based on the widely read book. This story of the breezy, awkward reporter who gets drafted and his experiences in basic training, is a cheerfully amusing tale which incidentally leaves the feeling that the Army knows what it is doing in the business of making men. *Robert Walker, Keenan Wynn, Donna Reed, Robert Benchley.* (M.G.M.)

BUFFALO BILL. The life of William F. Cody. Exciting history of frontier days. How the buffalo hunter met and married the Senator's daughter, fought the Indian's worst enemies—selfish white men and their fire-water, saved General Blazier's forces in the historic battle at War Bonnet Gorge and won the Congressional Medal, how and why he became a showman—all this is well and interestingly told. Old and young, male and female, should enjoy this. *Joel McCrea, Maureen O'Hara, Thomas Mitchell.* In Technicolor. (20th Cent.-Fox)

TUNISIAN VICTORY. The invasion and conquest of North Africa in authentic camera-recorded history. The strategy behind the campaign is explained; the thrilling land, sea and air action is from official American, British and captured German film sources. Jointly presented by the U. S. and British governments. Confidence-inspiring for events to come. Feature length. (Rel. by M. G. M.)

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ing. In 1809 a revolution began to sweep South America under the dynamic leadership of Simon Bolivar. He had visited the United States and was a great admirer of our republican form of government. But the revolution which he led never resulted in the liberation he dreamed because it was not accompanied by a reconstruction of thought and culture. Republican constitutions were written and

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re-written but to little avail, because foreign viceroys were replaced by local dictators and royal monopolies remained still largely in hands equally far removed from the people. It has taken a hundred years for South America to follow up Bolivar's liberating victories with free governments.

Let us hope and pray that we shall not repeat this mistake in our post-war policies. We are talking so much about the new world we are going to build. We are having so many noble ideals held before us. But the only way to clinch the gains for which our brothers are fighting is to act and not discuss. We must start on some programs of world cooperation and organization. Imperfect those programs may be at first. Nevertheless we must start. Remember how the Sermon on the Mount closes. After all those blessed counsels have been given, Our Lord says: *Every one that heareth these words of mine and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house, and it fell; and great was the fall thereof.*

Under God, let us pledge ourselves that such shall not be our fate.

And now just a word about the fourth rule for changing habits. It is this: Keep the faculty of effort alive in you by a little gratuitous exercise every day. We may think that in view of life's many demands on us it is foolish to talk about giving ourselves extra effort in good exercises. But our natures are like our muscles. Some parts of ourselves get plenty of exercise while others are neglected. We need to watch and stretch the neglected parts of our natures, both spiritual and physical. We need to force ourselves to some little extra deeds of discipline and self-denial each day. Only thus can we keep spiritually fit.

We who pride ourselves on being up-to-date look back on some of the habits of our fathers and think them stodgy. Our fathers had fixed habits of spiritual discipline. They had fixed habits of spending Sunday, of going to church, of keeping periods for prayer. But we tend to worship when we feel like it, to pray when we feel like it, to read the Bible when we feel like it.

Will the disciplines of wartime develop a permanent strengthening of character, or shall we have another jazz era after the struggle is over, another orgy of self-indulgence like that of the 1920's when our amusements went riotous, our nerves went ragged and our morals went rotten?

I am pleading for a revival of the good old-fashioned habits. Let us stop debating whether we shall do some things, which we ought to take for granted. By taking some practices over into the realm of automatic habit, we shall free ourselves for the handling of the baffling problems before us. By becoming personally disciplined soldiers of Christ, we shall be ready to move up to the front-line actions of those large social problems on which a just peace depends.

In the language of our old copybook maxims: "Sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny."

PAGE 69 • CHRISTIAN HERALD MAY 1944

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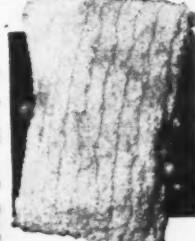
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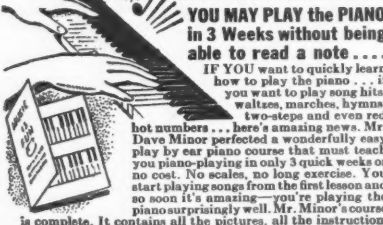


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TOO BUSY FOR MISCHIEF

(Continued from page 19)

of what every member earns is given to the church war service fund. A special "10% Box" is kept in Miss Scott's office.

Last December the Forum learned that an acute shortage of pennies made it difficult for nearby factories to meet their cash payrolls. So they made plans for a Penny Hunt and plastered Winchester with posters announcing that on a certain day Forum members would call and exchange silver for copper.

The Penny Hunt Committee borrowed \$500 from a local bank and gave each Forum member \$2.50 in silver and a certain area to cover. If a member ran out of money, he could telephone Forum headquarters and a courier would be dispatched by bicycle with more silver. The goal was set at 25,000 pennies.

On the chosen Saturday afternoon the temperature hovered around zero and half of Winchester seemed to be down with the flu. Yet practically the entire Forum membership turned up for the hunt. The telephone rang constantly with calls from members who wanted more silver. Couriers went out, came back with their ears frozen, went out again. In three hours, 80,000 pennies were collected. All by themselves these youngsters checked and rechecked every one of those 80,000 cents. They came out even, too!

For five years the Forum members didn't want to include social activities in their program. They felt they got plenty of enjoyment from their groups and projects; they had discovered the exhilaration of working together for a cause that was bigger than they were; social occasions seemed superfluous. However, because of the scarcity of social life for 'teen-agers in wartime, they now hold a weekly Open House with games and dancing to phonograph music or a small, "solid" band. A ticket of admission is never more than twenty-five cents.

Moreover, one Sunday night a month, the Forum charges ten cents admission to a supper prepared by its members. After supper, the "dishwashing committee" is announced. Sometimes it consists of everyone who is wearing blue or everyone whose birthday falls between the 15th and the 31st.

"I'm certainly glad the church kitchen is down by the river where nobody outside can hear," says Miss Scott. "The dishwashers make a racket like nothing on earth. Everybody wants to wash the dishes and fights to get into the kitchen and the committee fights to keep them out. No, the dishes don't seem to get broken but they must be made of cast-iron."

WHEN SIX YEARS AGO, Dr. Chidley, with his church membership of 1700, found that only about 40 children of high-school age were coming to Sunday school (and most of these because of parental coercion), he believed the answer to his problem lay in modernizing his Sunday school. He put the problem squarely up to his religious education director, Miss Scott. The original Forum idea was hers, although the youngsters and their interested parents contributed

much to its development, and Miss Scott insists that, like Topsy, it "just grew."

"We had to throw out all our old fetishes and start over," says Dr. Chidley. "We'd had the regulation Sunday school with boys and girls in separate classes. Well, we know young folks of that age are strongly attracted to each other. Why keep them apart? So, in our Forum they work and play together. Then, because people always respect the things they have to pay for, we got the idea of making them pay \$2 tuition a year. And we show our boys and girls they are a real part of the grown-up church. They make their pledges to the church, same as adults. The Forum president is a member of our main church committee, learns how we run a church, has a voice in all our plans."

The Forum members, as well as Dr. Chidley and Miss Scott, believe the Forum plan could be adapted to any community. "Of course we're fortunate in being near Boston where we've had a lot of speaking talent to draw from," says Miss Scott, "but every community has its talented citizens who would be willing to help such an enterprise. As to the money—Winchester isn't a wealthy town and the Forum costs the church \$1000 a year. Part of this cost is defrayed by the tuition. Besides, more people give to the church, now that we've got the Forum. Sometimes a man will say, 'I don't go to church myself but I want to subscribe something because of what the Forum has done for my boy.' No church ought to worry over the finances of a project like this. People in any town will give generously, if they believe their children are going to get something good."

"Nobody can take this plan over, lock, stock and barrel," asserts Dr. Chidley. "After all, our Forum has been a slow growth. It wasn't something we hatched up in five minutes and tried to shove down our youngsters' throats. We talked to them about it, took them into our confidence, got their slant, until they wanted to take a chance on the idea. And I want to emphasize one thing. Any church that takes this idea up and thinks it can interest its young people with a sudden burst of stunts and spectacular stuff is headed straight for failure. It's the long steady pull that puts this kind of a program over."

Miss Scott, who says she is not a Forum leader but "only part of the Forum office furniture," does not encourage the young people to come to her with personal problems, believing that most older people do too much prying into the lives of the young. However, she has been interested to see how the Forum, on the side, has solved the adolescent problem of "going steady" at too early an age. Since the Forum constantly undertakes projects carried out by the group—and a hilarious group it is—the boy and girl who pair off feel "out of it" and soon prefer staying with the group.

The annual Forum elections are, Miss Scott believes, excellent training in democracy. The question of who shall be next year's president, for instance, is the object of considerable hardheaded thought and freedom of speech. And it isn't the

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Do you get irritable easily?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Do you feel depressed—nervous?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

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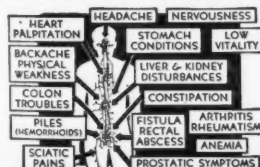
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I Thank You, Lord

For little feet that patter on my floor;
For little hands that smudge my clean white door;
For a little nose that sniffs my cookie jar;
For a little mouth, brown from a chocolate bar;

For tousled hair that never will stay neat;
For round cheeks flushed at play by wind or heat;
For a little tongue that licks such lovely things;
For little shoulders, fit for cherub's wings;

For little eyes, too blue for human child,
Where looks a soul, earth's touch has not defiled;
For happiness and tears and so much fun—
For all the things that make a little son,
I thank You, Lord.

—Anne Beatrice Murphy

football star or the popular favorite who
always gets elected.

Of course the Forum, like every other
group, isn't perfect. The president ad-
mits there are a few members who don't
carry their share of the work, and that
'teen-agers are not always reliable on
committees and have to be prodded.
Moreover, a disinterested observer might
think these young people are a bit blind
to the temptations which surround less
carefully reared young people in other
communities, and have a bit more than
their share of youth's supreme self-con-
fidence. However, the Forum plan is one
of the soundest yet offered for the solu-
tion of 'teen-age problems, and the For-
um members are probably among the
happiest and most useful 'teen-agers in
the country.

"When all this began," says Dr. Chid-
ley, "a lot of people predicted it wouldn't
last more than a year or two. And we had
the idea of showing these young people
how religion can be made part of their
everyday lives. We have been as sur-
prised as anybody to find out how much
enjoyment the kids get out of it. We
hoped and believed they'd be interested,
but honestly none of us expected they'd
have so much fun."

It is this enjoyment which is the chief
cause of the Forum's success, this which
kept it from dying out when the novelty
wore off. Its atmosphere is warm, friend-
ly. Its headquarters in the church are
open day and night. The young people
stop there, instead of at a juke-box joint,
on the way home from school in the after-
noon; it's the first place they think of
going when they're out for a good time
or when they feel lonely or bored. "You
always know—there's the Forum," a
member says. "It's something to hang
on to. If you're in the doghouse with your
parents or your teachers, it's a place
where you're always welcome."

ANSWERS TO

"WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT YOUR BIBLE?"

(See page 36)

1. Archelaus. (Matt. 2:22)
2. Gershom and Eliezer. (Exodus 18:2-3)
3. Nehemiah. (6:11)
4. More than forty years old. (Acts 4:22)
5. Ants, conies, locusts, spiders. (Proverbs 30:24-28)
6. 288. (I Chronicles 25:7)
7. The foolish virgins. (Matt. 25:1-13)
8. The lily. (Matt. 6:28-29)
9. 3 John. (verse 1)
10. Leviticus 24:20 and Matt. 5:38.

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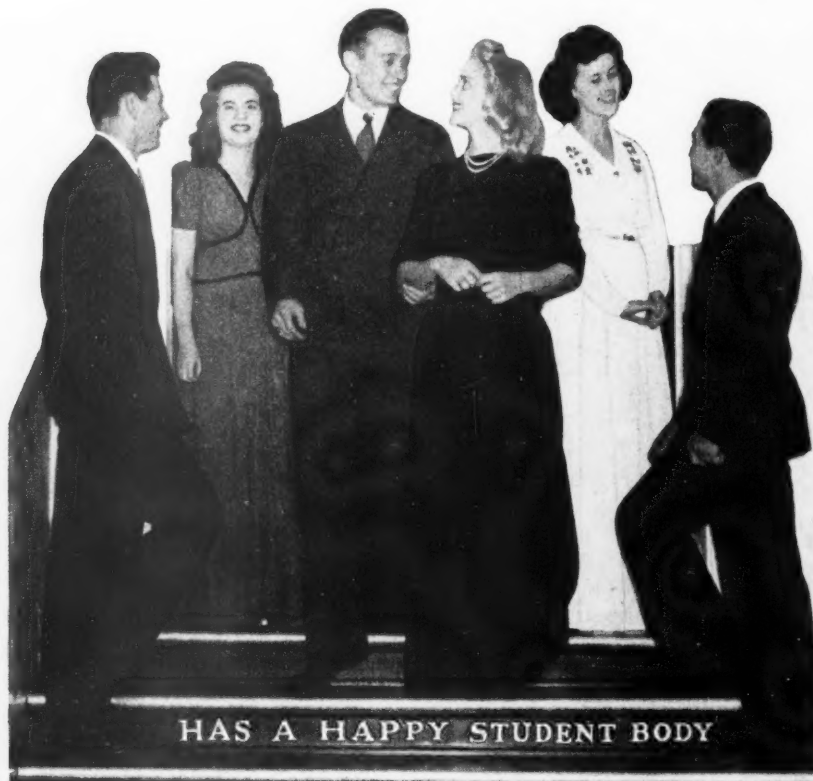
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